EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

THE Nation

DECEMBER 15, 1956
20c

Library
East Orange, N. J.

The Robot Reaches for a Coke

Preview of the New Machines

by Dan Wakefield

Oil for Progress

Mexico Shows the Way

by Julian Halevy

LETTER FROM LONDON

The Big Ditch Splits England

by Paul Johnson

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTER FROM LONDON

By Paul Johnson

London, December 6.

FOR THE past four weeks, nobody, it seems, has talked about anything here except Allied intervention in Egypt. At cocktail parties and lunch parties, in clubs, buses, public houses and coffee bars, sooner or later the conversation gets back to the inevitable subject. Is Eden a hero or a national disaster? Are we aggressors or peacemakers? The tension, at any rate in middle-class circles, is terrifying, without parellel in recent British history, and comparable only, I think, to what France must have gone through at the height of the Dreyfus Affair. Families are split from top to bottom. Opinions cut right across the normal class and party barriers. Many hostesses, in desperation, have tried to ban the subject from their dinner tables, but without success. Inexorably, the aching tooth is prodded, and the guests are aflame. I know a number of couples who, in order to preserve what remains of their fraying friendship, have agreed not to meet until the whole thing is over.

The fact is, Eden's action has driven a large and painful wedge straight into the sizable crack which separates the British middle class conscience from its sense of loyalty. For the moment, at least, the two are locked in irreconcilable conflict. On the one hand, there is that very large and influential section which is passionately concerned for Britain's good name in the world, and for our reputation as an upholder of treaty obligations and international institutions. Most people with college educations — teachers, doctors, lawyers, civil servants and journalists — belong to this group, and they are supported by a majority of the independent "quality" press: *The Observer*, the *Manchester Guardian*, the *News Chronicle*, *The Economist* and, belatedly, *The Times*. They are prepared to conduct the discussion in a rational manner, and can produce facts, figures and a certain amount of background knowledge. Most of them agree that Eden deliberately used the Israeli invasion of Egypt as an excuse to retake the Canal, even if he did not actually encourage the Israelis to move. They say this was wrong in itself, and that, in any case, there is now what Sir Eyre Crowe called "ocular evidence of the failure of a policy." The canal is blocked, our pipeline has been blown up, Nasser is still in power, we are being forced to withdraw our troops ignominiously, we have lost our remaining friends in the Middle East, our economy is lurching towards disaster, and we are being obliged, in the most humiliating manner possible, to get poor relief from the United States.

The arguments of what might be called the "loyalist" faction are more difficult to describe, because they change from day to day. The one we heard immediately after the ultimatum—that we were putting out a "forest fire"—has now been dropped. So also has the theme that our action has "put teeth into the U.N.," since it is evident now that the U.N.'s recently-acquired teeth, if they are doing anything at all, are snapping at the hindquarters of

(*Continued on page* 511)

PAUL JOHNSON, assistant editor of the New Statesman and Nation, *will henceforth contribute a regular Letter from London.*

On December 29 *The Nation*, for the first time in its ninety-one years of publication, will devote an entire issue to an article by one man. Its title is Science and Human Values; its author, J. Bronowski, is one of Britain's most brilliant scientists and men of letters. The editors of *The Nation* are certain that Mr. Bronowski's essay represents a profound contribution to contemporary thought in this dawn of the atomic age.

In This Issue

EDITORIALS

509 ●

ARTICLES

512 ● Oil for Progress
by JULIAN HALEVY

514 ● The Myth in the Mirror
by J. A. BRYANT, Jr.

516 ● Poland's Experiment
by CLAUDE BOURDET

518 ● The Robot Reaches for a Coke
by DAN WAKEFIELD

BOOKS AND THE ARTS

521 ● Books for Christmas

523 ● Japan's Unknown Literature
by KENNETH REXROTH

524 ● The Angels (poem)
by ROLFE HUMPHRIES

524 ● Roundup of Art Books
by S. LANE FAISON, Jr.

526 ● Theatre
by HAROLD CLURMAN

527 ● T. V. Forecast
by ANNE W. LANGMAN

527 ● Records of the Year
by B. H. HAGGIN

Crossword Puzzle (opp. 528)
by FRANK W. LEWIS

George G. Kirstein, Publisher
Carey McWilliams, Editor
Victor H. Bernstein, Managing Editor
Robert Hatch, Books and the Arts
J. A. del Vayo, European Correspondent

Harold Clurman, Theatre
B. H. Haggin, Music
Anne W. Langman, Television
M. L. Rosenthal, Poetry
Mary Simon, Advertising Manager

Staff Contributors: W. Macmahon Ball, Carolus, Maxwell Geismar, Keith Hutchison, Harvey O'Connor, Andrew Roth, Howard K. Smith, Alexander Werth, H. H. Wilson.

The Nation, Dec. 15, 1956, Vol. 183, No. 24

The Nation, published weekly by The Nation Company and copyright 1956 in the U.S.A. by the Nation Associates, Inc., 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 14, N. Y. Second class mail privileges authorized at New York, N. Y.

Subscription Prices Domestic—One year $7, Two years $12, Three years $17. Additional postage per year, Foreign and Canadian $1.

Change of Address: Three weeks' notice is required for change of address, which cannot be made without the old address as well as the new.

Information to Libraries: The Nation is indexed in Readers Guide to Periodical Literature, Book Review Digest, Index to Labor Articles, Public Affairs, Information Service, Dramatic Index.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1956
VOLUME 183, NUMBER 24

THE Nation
EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Editorials

The Bill of Rights: 1791-1956

The most important civil-rights development in the year that is drawing to a close was the Montgomery bus boycott movement, the anniversary of which was observed in an impressive ceremony in Montgomery on December 5. Visitors from all parts of the country joined with Montgomery's 50,000 Negroes in trying to find standing room in the Holt Street Baptist Church to hear the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr. open a week-long observance and inaugurate the first annual Institute on Non-Violence and Social Change. The Montgomery bus boycott, as the Reverend King and other speakers made clear, heralds the demise of Jim Crow in the South. Said the Reverend King:

> Let nobody fool you. All of the loud noises you hear today from the legislative halls of the South in terms of "interposition" and "nullification" and of outlawing the NAACP are merely the death groans of a dying system. The old order is passing away, and the new order is coming into being. We are witnessing in our day the birth of a new age, with a new structure of freedom and justice . . .

The next great chapter in the struggle to establish civil rights in the South will be written by "white" Southerners. The development is clearly foreshadowed in the stories of T. C. Merchant, Jr., the Madison, Florida, newspaper editor (*The Nation,* December 1), Sarah Patton Boyle of Charlottesville, Virginia (*The Nation,* September 15), the residents of the Koinonia Farm in Georgia (*The Nation,* September 22), and, more recently, of the Reverend Paul Turner of Clinton, Tennessee, who redeemed the Protestant clergy of the South by his decision to escort six Negro youngsters through a mob of hecklers to the Clinton High School. The simplicity of his statement, after he had been beaten by members of this same mob, that he had decided to walk the Negro children to school because he had been forced to conclude that they had a moral right to attend, will echo in the Southern conscience for a long time to come. As J. A. Bryant, Jr. points out in this issue (p. 514), the South would have been caught up in a crisis of conscience and culture at about this time even if the Supreme Court had not precipitated one by its decision in the desegregation cases.

Self-discovery is a painful process for a people as well as for individuals particularly when, as in this instance, it involves the rejection of false values which have become closely interwoven, over a long period of time, with the enduring aspects of a great tradition. As the "white" South sorts out the true from the false elements in its tradition, it will participate, along with Southern Negroes, in the building of a new structure of freedom for the region and for the nation.

Propaganda Is Not Private

Much of the criticism of Radio Free Europe is misdirected. Anna Kethly, exiled president of the Hungarian Social Democratic Party, has said that "Radio Free Europe has gravely sinned by making the Hungarian people believe that Western military aid was coming when no such aid was planned." This is a serious charge and one that warrants the most thoroughgoing investigation. But the activities of Radio Free Europe pose a policy question of greater long-range significance. The question relates to the role of so-called "private" organizations which, without formal State Department approval, are permitted to broadcast propaganda and carry on a variety of activities, some of which have never been fully disclosed, quite without direct governmental supervision or control. The attempt to deny that these activities are in reality government-sponsored is disingenuous. The Free Europe Committee was set up precisely because it was thought that a "non-governmental" propaganda agency might, for certain purposes, be more effective than an official agency. But a principal is responsible for the activities of his agent acting within the scope of the agency.

Few consider Radio Free Europe and Free Europe Press to be "private" organizations; they are universally regarded as designated instrumentalities for the dissemination of certain types of American propaganda. The two agencies employ about 2,200 people. Radio Free Europe operates twenty-nine powerful transmitters in West Germany and Portugal. Free Europe Press has dispatched nearly half a million plastic balloons, containing millions of propaganda leaflets, into Eastern Europe since 1954. Much of the money for the Free Europe Committee, which operates both agencies, has been donated by such corporations as Standard Oil of New Jersey, U. S. Steel and Ford Motor Company. The government has encouraged these donations just as it has encouraged the public to support Crusade for Freedom. It may be technically accurate to char-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acterize these agencies as "non-governmental," but Washington's disclaimers of responsibility will simply not be accepted when, as appears to have happened in this case, their propaganda backfires. Propaganda has a direct and vital bearing on foreign policy; it should never be entrusted to a "private" agency even if that agency is accountable, in some covert manner, to one of the intelligence services or to the State Department.

The New Anti-Americanism

Another wave of anti-American sentiment is sweeping both Britain and France. But if Europe is indeed anti-American today, it is for all the wrong reasons. It is no longer the anti-Americanism of the days of McCarthy and MacArthur; it is essentially nationalist, obscurantist and right-wing. America is the spoil-sport that refused to support the war in Algeria and the invasion of Egypt in the realization that here were dangerous adventures, which might well lead to World War III. There is a strange ring to these lamentations about American "disloyalty" to the Free World, coming as they do from the whole right-wing press in Britain and France as well as the greater part of the French Socialists, who have now fully identified themselves with the nationalism of the French-Algerian diehards.

Now that the folly of the Suez operation is making itself felt in everyday life in Britain and France—inflation, insecurity, jitters, shortages in gasoline, coal and wood, the hoarding of sugar, flour and canned foods—the press is stepping up its efforts to divert the mounting discontent from those responsible for it to big, rich, lazy Uncle Sam. *Combat*—which used to be a reasonable liberal paper—is now fuming and raging at the United States and demanding that France quit the U. N. The fact that Habib Bourguiba was received by President Eisenhower has, of course, further upset the French diehards, who are still glorying in the "kidnapping" of the five Algerian leaders who, en route to a conference in Tunis, might have worked out a reasonable modus vivendi between France and North Africa had they been allowed to continue their journey.

The paradox of the present state of Europe is that never has there been so much vociferous anti-Americanism; but, at the same time, never has Europe been in more desperate need of America.

Dissent and Discussion

The editors of *Dissent* magazine, a quarterly of Socialist opinion, recently sponsored a forum in New York City on the developments in Eastern Europe. A stimulating group of speakers, including A. J. Muste, Lewis Coser and Milton Sachs, presented different aspects of the situation, and the floor was then open for discussion. Sadly enough, there was no discussion—only recitation and harangue. Strewn through the audience were the deadwood representatives of official Socialist "splinter groups" who rose to the day's occasion with the worn-out phraseology of their own particular sect, shaking their fists as of old, condemning the discussion for being only discussion, for being a "wake," a display of soul-searching and a harbor of heresy from their own splintered orthodoxy. As the fists waved and the afternoon wore on, most of the people who had come out of interest to hear—and not to harangue—had left the hall.

Irving Howe, of *Dissent's* editorial board, got up to give the closing remarks and said that "most of the people I wanted to talk to have already gone." They were, he pointed out, driven away by the "professionals" who hoped to use the occasion for singing their old tired tunes again. Mr. Howe speculated that "even if we had come here to discuss the novels of Henry James and Edith Wharton," the "old pros" would have said the same lines that they did that afternoon.

It was a discouraging experience to watch one of the few honest attempts at dissenting discussion dry up in the stale language of the splinter-off-of-splinter groups. The hall had been filled; there were people who had felt the need for an honest, Socialist-oriented discussion of the world-shaking events in Eastern Europe. The *Dissent* forum would plainly have filled a vital need—if only the splinters hadn't gotten there first to block the way.

A Loather of Wiretapping

An attorney general who has defended Communists and is firmly opposed to wiretapping is uncommon enough these days to warrant special mention. Such a man has just been appointed to the job in Pennsylvania by Governor George M. Leader. He is Thomas B. McBride, chancellor of the Philadelphia Bar Association. He takes his oath December 17, succeeding Herbert B. Cohen, who moves to the state Supreme Court. McBride is known primarily as one of the best criminal lawyers on the Atlantic coast, but he has also taken civil-liberties cases for years. When nine Philadelphia-area Communists were charged with violating the Smith Act a few years ago and were unable to find counsel, McBride volunteered to defend them. He served as counsel for eight of the nine. He took the case, he says, because any accused person has a right to counsel and because of the old adage that "the United States wins the case when justice is done."

McBride describes himself as a "loather of wiretapping" because "It is a big step in the direction of a police state. Wiretapping is worse than illegal search and seizure because when your house is searched you know it. When your wires are tapped you don't." Last year Mr. McBride represented actress Gale Sondergaard when the House Committee on Un-American Activi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ties invaded Philadelphia (see *The Nation,* September 22, 1956).

One might expect that such an appointment would invite opposition; but it hasn't. The *Bulletin,* which has opposed nearly every move of Governor Leader's, topped its editorial page three days after the appointment was made with praise for Mr. McBride. "A skilled master of criminal defense," the *Bulletin* said, "he has gone far beyond that accomplishment to lead in over-all defense of personal liberties and in devising means to correct the clutter and abuses that sometimes afflict the courts."

Letter From London

(*Continued from inside front cover*)

our retreating troops. A further argument, and for a time a very powerful one, was that we were already committed to action, and that "you don't shoot the colonel in the back, especially when he's leading a charge." But the charge is now over; it was manifestly a failure; two of the colonel's subalterns have resigned and gone over to the other side, and the colonel himself is in the sick tent, suspected of malingering. The next argument, which is still used, though with increasingly less conviction, is that we went in to uncover a "Red plot." The evidence for this, it was alleged, was the discovery, by the Israelis, of enormous dumps of iron-curtain arms in Sinai. But *The Times* was quick to point out that the figures of Czech arms delivered to Egypt, published in a sensational manner by the Ministry of Defense on November 11, were exactly the same as those disclosed in *The Times* on October 29, the day before the British ultimatum; and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Foreign Secretary, has since been forced to admit that this is so. Indeed, there seems no doubt that the government possessed full and detailed evidence of iron-curtain arms deliveries all through the summer, even during the period when the Labor Party was pressing the government to send more arms to Israel to redress the balance, and when government spokesmen, in reply, were refusing on the grounds that the situation was not "serious." So the government was either lying early in the summer, or it is lying now.

With the exposure of this line of defense, the "loyalists" have fallen back on what, it seems, is their final bastion: anti-Americanism, helped on powerfully by President Eisenhower's adamant refusal to be friends again until we leave Port Said. This argument is not, I hasten to add, a rational one. Its inadequacies, in fact, are neatly summed up in this week's *Spectator,* a Tory weekly of independent views. The breakdown in Anglo-American relations, it writes,

> is the calculated fault of the British Government. At the end of October and the beginning of November the government decided that the Anglo-American alliance was something that could be switched off like a tap. So it switched it off. Almost immediately, it got thirsty and tried to switch it on again. It has found that it could not do so and has been relieving its feelings by kicking the tap.

However, this argument can, unfortunately, be sustained with very little recourse to reason and logic. Beneath the skin of British political life there lurks a deep vein of hatred for America, compounded of envy and distrust: envy of America's power, distrust of her ability to use it wisely. Our economic and military dependence on America has, paradoxically, increased rather than diminished this feeling; and in recent months the vacillations of Mr. Dulles —which have been criticized by people here of all political beliefs— have raised it to a hysterical pitch. The knowledge that, as a result of our own folly, we are now more dependent on America than ever before has scarcely helped matters; and the government has now been forced to allow its supporters, for the first time since the war, to give formal expression to their anger. Like most forms of anger, it is both irrational and transient. But, for the moment, it is the dominant fact in British politics.

How all these arguments and counter-arguments will affect the basic political situation here remains to be seen. The government still has a solid majority in the House of Commons, and though half a dozen or more Tories may now vote against it, the mass of the party has made it quite clear that it will put loyalty to party before principles. The left wing will swallow defiance of the U.N., even "collusion"; the right wing will swallow our ignominious withdrawal. But what of the country as a whole? Certainly, the Tories have lost, probably for a long time, a large and important section of their middle-class supporters. They may have gained some lower-class votes. But the Chester by-election, the first to be held since the ultimatum, showed that the electorate as a whole had not yet made up its mind about Suez. Since then, public opinion polls have been oscillating in a disturbing fashion. During the first two weeks of the crisis there was a marked swing towards Eden, and for the first time this year the Tories topped Labor in popularity. But petrol rationing and cuts in industrial fuel supplies, leading, as they must, to curtailed working hours in a large number of factories, are beginning to do their work. This week, Labor once more edged the Tories out of the lead (according to the *News Chronicle* Gallup Poll) and the opinion here in political circles is that, now the process has begun, it will swiftly turn into a landside swing in favor of Labor. The government has yet to decide on what course of action it will take; indeed, it has yet to decide on whether Eden will come back as its leader. But it becomes increasingly likely that it will be forced to dissolve parliament at an early date—perhaps in February and March—and go to the country. If it does so, Britain will face one of the fiercest elections for many, many years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

OIL FOR PROGRESS

Mexico Shows the Way . . by JULIAN HALEVY

Mexico City

A FEW WEEKS AGO, with the Arab world furious over the invasion of Egypt, the Syrian army cut off a major oil supply by the simple expedient of blowing up three pumping stations on the Iraq Petroleum Company's pipeline across Syria. It is estimated that this will throttle 90 per cent of Iraq's petroleum exports for six months and cost the Iraq treasury eighty million dollars in royalties. Nevertheless, anti-Western feeling is so strong in those parts that the Iraq government swallowed the injury with no more than faint protest.

A renewal of hostilities in Egypt would release further violence against Middle East oil companies—unless some cooler Arab head points out that there are more profitable ways than by destruction of accomplishing the same anti-Western ends. With the precedent of Nasser's nationalization of the Suez Canal still glowing in Arab minds, what would happen, for example, if a Nationalist like Mossadegh were once again to raise the slogan of oil expropriation? The possibility has occurred to Western observers. Indeed a U. S. news magazine recently thought it appropriate to publish an article on the nationalized Mexican oil industries, archetype of the species, citing facts and figures to demonstrate the folly of nationalization to all Arabs within reading distance.

Folly or no, it's highly possible that one or more Arab nations will decide to take over foreign-owned oil properties, and it's worth while at the moment to evaluate the accomplishments of *Petroleos Mexicanos* (Pemex), Mexico's government-owned oil company, during the eighteen years since President Cardenas reluctantly signed the order expropriating what is today the sixth largest oil industry outside the Soviet sphere.

In 1938, Lazaro Cardenas was trying to carry through his basic program of agrarian reform in the face of a dangerously anarchic domestic situation. To take over an industry for which Mexico lacked equipment, personnel and capital, and to risk international boycott and foreign intervention, seemed incredibly foolhardy; in fact, the decision to do so came as a complete surprise to the foreign-owned oil companies.

The expropriation was the culmination of a prolonged strike in the industry. It was precipitated by the refusal of the foreign oil companies to accept a decision of the arbitration boards and of the Mexican Supreme Court awarding more pay to the workers. After the expropriation decree, the companies, (of which there were about a score), capitulated, but by then the oil was in the fire, and President Cardenas refused to backtrack. The government was launched on a stormy career as producer, refiner, exporter and distributor of oil.

WHAT kind of job has Mexico done with the oil industry? U. S. oil-industry economists are inclined to take a dim view. The case against Pemex has been made as follows:

Since the government took over from private enterprise, production has fallen off drastically. In 1921, output of crude oil and natural gasoline reached a peak of 29 million (metric) tons per year; during the last three years, production has averaged about 13 million tons.

Income from exports of crude oil and products is far less than during the roaring twenties, when 500,000 barrels a day left Mexican ports. Current exports are edging up towards 100,000 barrels a day.

Refinery output fails to keep pace with domestic needs. For the last three years the country has been importing about 30,000 barrels per day of petroleum products at an annual cost of nearly seventy million dollars—a heavy charge on Mexico's vulnerable balance of payments.

Insufficient refinery capacity is only a symptom of Pemex's most serious problem: lack of investment capital. This dearth of funds manifests itself also in a crippled exploration program, antiquated and inadequate transportation and lack of equipment for the development of proved resources. All this in turn boils down to the simple economic fact that Pemex doesn't earn enough profits, either to plow back into the business or to attract outside investment.

Why doesn't Pemex make money? The answer lies in a price policy that eschews what private-enterprise economists would call reasonable profits and, in effect, subsidizes the Mexican economy at the expense of the oil industry. The price of leaded gasoline, including taxes, is less than 18 cents (U.S.) per gallon. Kerosene, major fuel in a country with little water power, no coal and exhausted forests, is 4 cents a gallon. Fuel oil has been supplied to the nationalized railways for many years at extremely low prices.

The net effect of this price policy is that the per-barrel return, in the form of direct profit on sales, is probably lower for Pemex than any other oil company in the world. Prices have been kept so low that when Pemex imported seventy million dollars worth of petroleum products last year and distributed them through its regular marketing channels, the net loss to the company was twenty-one million dollars.

As long as Pemex maintains this unbusinesslike price policy, it will be unable to earn the capital necessary for expansion, and the gap between production and consumption (in-

---

JULIAN HALEVY, novelist and correspondent, has been living in Mexico for the past five years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

creasing about 9 per cent anually) will continue to expand. Instead of being a net earner, Pemex will be a net spender—a sad state of affairs for what was once a flourishing business.

This, in substance, is the case made by critics of nationalization, and it supports their contention that Mexico would have been far better off if foreign oil companies had kept control of the industry. Colonial nations, take heed!

THE CHARGES are met here with indignation. Almost to a man, the Mexican is loyal to what he feels is his industry, and underlying his attitude are the material evidences of another set of facts and figures:

It is true that production has dropped since the boom days of 1921. It is also true that it had dropped long before expropriation; from 200 million barrels in 1921 to less than thirty-five million in 1932. Nowhere else, not even in revolutionary Russia, did production ever decline so much so quickly.

The initial drop has been attributed to foreign business men reducing their investment in the face of union harassment. Far more significant, however, is the fact that in 1921 almost all the 200 million barrels came from the amazingly rich Golden Lane area on the gulf coast —an area which a few years later was producing mainly salt water because of over-exploitation. The fabulous Dos Bocas well in this region couldn't be controlled; it was permitted to spout 259,000 barrels a day onto the landscape until it exhausted itself.

Another factor contributing to the decline was lack of investment in exploration and development of reserves. During the pre-expropriation era (1901-1937), four major zones were discovered and development was confined to these established areas. But under Pemex's regime, concentrated exploration has resulted in the discovery of four new major producing areas, equivalent in potential to those already exploited. These new areas include almost a hundred oil fields, and reserves have climbed to 2,886 million barrels.

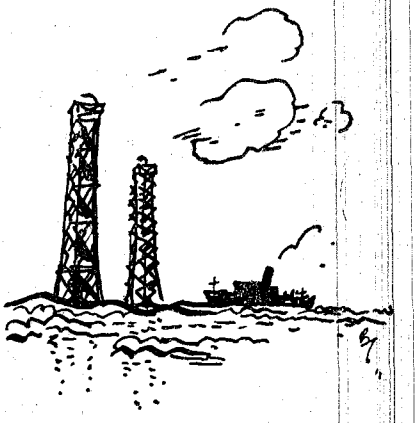
Despite lack of capital, boycotts and almost insuperable difficulties in securing personnel and equipment, production has risen since 1937 from forty-six million barrels to last year's ninety-one million. Drilling last year was highest in history, 639,414 meters, compared to the previous high of 538,000 meters in 1926.

As regards the drop in exports, part of the explanation lies in the development and industrialization of Mexico. During the twenties, almost all production was exported; last year the domestic market consumed sixty-five million barrels, leaving only twenty-five million for export. Other significant factors in export decline were a lack of tankers, limited market for Mexico's major surplus of heavy crudes and an international boycott against Mexico's oil during the years immediately following expropriation.

Necessity for imports of refined products is due less to lack of refinery capacity than to inadequate transportation facilities between population centers and refineries, which were originally located for the convenience of export-minded private companies without regard for domestic needs. Previous to 1938, all Mexican refineries were on the Gulf coast with the exception of Atzcapotzalco, supplying Mexico City. This refinery, which in 1938 had a capacity of 14,000 barrels per day, now produces 100,000 barrels. Total refinery capacity, mostly developed since expropriation, is now 225,000 barrels per day.

Pemex has been concentrating a major part of its admittedly inadequate investment capital on coping with the problem of imports and dollar drain. New refineries have been built in strategic locations and pipelines connect coastal refineries with industrial centers inland. A single lubricants refinery recently completed at Salamanca, in the state of Guanajato, is saving fifteen million dollars annually. Projects to be completed this year will cut forty million dollars from the annual bill for imports. Mexico's aim of oil autonomy is close to realization.

It is true that Mexico's task has been made infinitely more difficult by the low-price policy. No one is more aware of this than the Mexicans. It would have been very convenient for Pemex to raise its prices along with the 548 per cent rise in cost of living since 1939. That it did not indicates that values other than profits determine its policy. *Industrialization here depends on cheap oil.* There is inadequate water power and no coal. The impetus given industry and agriculture by eighteen years of subsidies from the government oil monopoly is incalculable. As a domestic fuel, kerosene is replacing charcoal and wood,



natural resources almost exhausted in Mexico. *To aid a reforestation program, Pemex sells kerosene below cost.*

In 1937, the price of gasoline in Mexico City was 20 per cent higher than the average price in the United States. Today, the U.S. price is 80 per cent higher than the Mexican.

It's worth noting that as regards labor conditions in Mexico, the average wage in privately-owned manufacturing industries during 1955 was about a dollar a day; in the oil industry it was over four dollars. This contrasts sharply with pre-expropriation wage scales, when oil worker salaries were equal to or lower than prevailing inadequate wages. Pemex has a program of worker benefits unique in Mexico. It includes free schooling, free medical care for workers and their families, pensions and a savings fund. Last year, the company spent five million dollars on medical care and schooling for the 35,000 oil workers and their families.

Finally, there is the question of direct taxes paid by the industry to the federal treasury. In terms of national gain, it is revealing to com-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

pare the figures for the periods before and after expropriation. From 1900 to 1937, private companies produced 1,895 million barrels of oil, mostly for export, on which federal taxes were paid amounting to 77 million pesos. From 1938 through 1955, Pemex produced 1,005 million barrels, mostly for national consumption, on which taxes were paid amounting to 5,000 million pesos.

It is this kind of responsibility to its workers, to the public and to the nation that makes Pemex popular here. Most Mexicans think that the government's expropriation of the oil industry is one of the best things that ever happened to the country. A return to private ownership is unthinkable.

The exploitation of Mexico by private companies before 1938 cannot be compared with modern investment procedures in the Middle East; nor can Arab rulers, taking a fifty-fifty split of fabulous profits, be compared with Mexico's progressive President Cardenas. Nevertheless, Arab leaders studying the history of Mexico's government-owned and operated oil industry might find something in it other than a warning.

The MYTH in the MIRROR

The South Looks at Itself . . by J. A. BRYANT, JR.

THE SOUTH is in a predicament from which it can emerge only by its own efforts. Although encouragement and tactful criticism by outsiders may be moderately helpful, rebuke will not. What the South needs most of all is to learn to see itself for what it is, so that in self-knowledge it may move past the crisis with which it would have been confronted today even had there been no Supreme Court desegregation decision. For the crisis in the South is real and bred in the bone; it has to do with something far more fundamental than the fate of the Negro, however tragically he may be involved in it; and the alternatives are maturity for the region as a cultural entity or extinction.

To understand the nature of this crisis, we must be prepared to admit one thing. The South as we now know it—a region roughly limited by the old Mason and Dixon line and Ohio River on the North, by the open sea on the East and South, and by the high plains of Texas on the West—came into being as a region only during the conflict of 1860-65. Whatever the causes of that conflict, it compelled the inhabitants of a territory only recently snatched from the wilderness and the Indian to stand together. At points along the fringe of that region established societies already existed: Virginia had a distinct culture, as did parts of South Carolina and New Orleans; the rest of the region was still mainly frontier in spirit, energetic, uncomplicated, rapidly developing and extravagantly imitative. What the South gained from the war of rebellion was existence itself, an identity. Forced into being by violence, it survived a bloody birth and has somehow continued to survive, independent and distinct, throughout the almost a century that has elapsed since. It has developed what amounts to a national consciousness, buttressed and supported—as adolescent national conciousness usually is—by a structure of myth.

MOST NATIONS, like most people, fall back on some support during their youth. Modern England, soon after it had emerged from the civil wars of the fiftheenth century, found it useful to revive the stories of a Trojan Brutus who had founded the nation and a Prince Arthur who had established it in Christian glory. The legends were harmless, and Englishmen at that point sorely needed the feeling of majesty that the legends had created. So it was with the infant South; for the South, having very little past of its own, had much greater need than most nations to make recourse to the majesty of myth. The materials it used were an intermingling of truths and pardonable falsities. For one thing, it traded heavily upon the "glorious antiquity" of its established societies; Virginia and South Carolina, and to a less extent New Orleans, suddenly became very important to thousands of second-generation frontiersmen. In many instances they quickly and effectively submerged their consciousness of being frontier, of being "Southwest," and proceeded to prove their identity with the cultivated societies of the coast by assiduous genealogical probing. A vast section which up to the eve of the war in 1860 had been in spirit and fact a New South now began a rapid transformation into the Old South. Among some groups, the romantic novels of Walter Scott, which provided abundant examples of a belated chivalry and a compelling analogy with Scottish nationalism, offered an opportunity to throw blood lines even farther back and claim a more ancient heritage for a new Southland. Other people, far more numerous and considerably less literate, could and did point to a heritage of song and folklore as evidence of their ties with older and more established cultures.

In more recent years, to be sure, a good many substitutions in the Southern national myth have proved necessary. The growth of historical scholarship and its influence on popular education have made it increasingly difficult for the "Old South" to identify itself with Old Virginia, South Carolina and New Orleans. A quick glance at telephone directories in most Southern communities will show that the Southerner's general claim to a Scottish

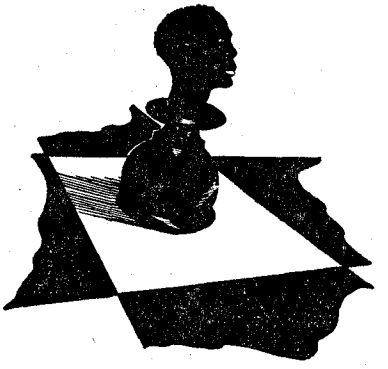
J. A. BRYANT, Jr. is on the staff of The University of the South, Sewanee, Tennessee.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

heritage is seriously open to question. Nowadays less is heard about magnolias, white columns, darkies caroling at dusk, chivalry and Walter Scott; and Southerners can speak again of the "culture of the Old Southwest," of pioneer folkways in Tennessee, Georgia and Alabama, and of the almost forgotten usurpation of Indian lands. But the substituted myths have proved less virile than the old. The "scientific" researches of folklorists remain the reading matter for specialists, and the image of the Southerner as English squire, holding a modest piece of land and pursuing a life of intellectual leisure, has never caught on. One reason is perhaps that the South has outgrown the first stages of its development and no longer needs the solid myth to support its national consciousness. It is enough that Southerners have inherited the land and speech of their fathers, along with the memory of boys in gray who fought under gallant generals during those glorious and sad years of 1860-1865. The "War" itself, much talked of but faintly understood, is now firmly established as the Southerner's national myth.

THE CRISIS of 1860 was a crisis for the nation as a whole, not merely for the Southern part of it. Had that year passed without war, the nascent South might have gone on to lose its identity in a United States that would have been poorer for its relative homogeneity. But the crisis today is peculiarly Southern. Either the South will complete its growth as a people and contribute to the parent nation that wisdom and leadership which, as the productions of some of its men of letters prove, it is capable of giving; or it will turn bitter, decay and lose the identity which it now imagines itself so ardently defending. Whatever it does, the South must supply its own motive.

The specific occasion for the crisis which the South now faces happens to be the Negro, and the difficulty with the Negro is that he, like the rest of the South, is alive and changing. When the Southern region emerged as a nation during the last century, it was already on the defensive about the Negro in its midst. Northern abolitionists in their fervor had all but made the Negro the supreme issue in a contest that was already so complex that few could understand it. In 1865 the South refused, rightly, to take upon its collective conscience a blot of guilt for its treatment of the colored man. The feeling was then, and is now, that the South had done as well as any other region in this regard, perhaps better than any other region. The unfortunate thing was that the South, in the early myth-making



phase, accounted for the colored man, insofar as it accounted for him at all, in only one way. All the images of itself that the South managed to construct or appropriate during those crucial years fixed the Negro so firmly in the status of a servant that the Negro could not change his status without shattering them. He was black and readily distinguishable. He could not, like the white servant, change neighborhoods and shake off his past. As long as he remained in the South, he found it mandatory to keep the same place in an arbitrary and initially fragile Southern cosmology; and as that cosmology hardened, he found himself trapped.

FOR A LONG time Southerners found it easy to justify their treatment of the Negro by insisting that he was subhuman. In the present century it has become increasingly difficult, however, to maintain this illusion and the argument for keeping the Negro in his place has shifted to other grounds. The Negro, it is now said, has no history, no culture, no sense of the past. Even the tradition of song and folk literature which Southerners once cheerfully ascribed to him has proved, upon examination by ardent Southern folklorists, to be only a grotesque distortion of the white man's more ancient heritage. The Negro, it would seem, can at best become a cultural parasite. Granted that he is racially the white man's equal, he can upon admission to equal political and social status with the white man only debase the white man's culture. He may even in time begin to intermarry with white women and produce a mongrel people, contemptuous of all tradition, history and culture. The irony of this point of view is that it betrays the same faulty sense of history that the Negro is accused of having. As often as the Southerner describes himself as the transplanter of a more ancient culture—Virginian, Cavalier, highlander or what not—just so often must he reveal to the detached observer his own historical naivete. What he did bring to his "new ground" was the memory of some of these things, and some of what he brought he was able, by virtue of his literacy and position of mastery, to retain. The Negro, it is true, being illiterate and in an inferior social status, by and large lost even his memories. But the Southerner with his fragmented memories never transplanted a more ancient culture in the way in which he himself described it. And if he did not transplant a culture, neither did he create one in that half century during which he inhabited his region before the war. For most Southerners that brief period was one of conquest—of taming the land, of displacing the genuine Indian culture which flourished there, of buying and selling and trading, of exploiting and of building. The fact of a civil war gave the Southerner an opportunity to forge a culture, and he seized upon it. The rest is a story of infancy and adolescence—of the creation of a past which the Negro now rejects because it denies him dignity as a man.

The Negro has not always rejected the past which the white man gave him. Even today in many parts of the South Negroes are fearful of their own people's attempt to step out of livery and wear a plain man's clothes. But collectively the Negro has developed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to a point of self-awareness from which he can retreat only at the price of racial suicide. He has lately learned his own potentiality for human dignity and, for the most part, has accepted the heavy responsibilities of his knowledge with becoming courage and grace. It is perhaps unfortunate that the American Negro could not grow up without posing a challenge to the Southerner's long-cherished myth, but he need feel no compunction on that account. The historicity of the Southerner's myth was certain to be challenged sooner or later, by the Southerner himself if not by someone else. That it has been challenged constitutes the present crisis in the developing mind of the South. Whether he likes it or not, the Southerner must now reexamine his collection of myths and learn how to use it in a different way. He must abandon his adolescent insistence upon his rights to arbitrary individuality according to the letter of the law as interpreted by himself and accept the responsibility of a genuine individuality which was forced upon him in 1860. He must learn how to preserve the important differences which belong to him by virtue of the culture within a culture which is now uniquely his, and learn also to abandon those differences which, if insisted upon, will ultimately cause him to deny his own dignity as well as that of the Negro.

Unfortunately the Southern scene does not seem to give much grounds for optimism. Until recently the South had too many poor people in it for its own good, and many of these were descendants of several generations of poor people whose only claims to superiority were their pioneer independence and the color of their skin. Thus in many parts of the region city, county and even state governments still reflect the will of large and unenlightened segments of the population whose background is one of economic and social rivalry with the Negro. These people inherit the Southern tradition mainly as prejudice, which is often as fierce as it is unreflective. But the Southerner also has much that may help him survive his crisis. He has first of all those partially discredited myths, which in spite of all their shakiness as history present a laudable image of human worth. He has, secondly, a profound respect for law and order, which, even if it seems frequently to express itself as childish legalism, is nevertheless there and ripe of development. Finally, he has religion—for the most part simple, uncomplicated and unreflective, and embraced by him with the same youthful enthusiasm with which he defends his chivalric and legal codes. His mythology tells him that man is capable of glory; the Constitution which he so ardently defends tells him that the Negro is a man; and his religion tells him that all men are brothers. In these concepts, he has the means to all the mature knowledge and understanding he needs, if he can only begin to see them as means to self-knowledge, not as ends to be defended against mortal destruction at the hands of subversives within his borders and infidels without.

POLAND'S EXPERIMENT

One Party, Two Candidates . . by CLAUDE BOURDET

Warsaw

POLAND must have freedom and democracy, or its people will soon lose their enthusiasm for their new government. And it must have socialism, for a return to capitalism would not only create economic problems of unthinkable magnitude, but would also bring back a class of employers of the obsolete and reactionary type responsible for this country's primitive prewar economy. Even without the proximity of Soviet Russia, Poland would then be heading towards a dangerous new era of internal and external strife.

But can there be democracy within a system which is mostly one-party? Can there be socialism with a dominantly individual agriculture? Poles answer that the essence of democracy is representation and competition, not necessarily multiple parties; and that the aim of socialism is to end the exploitation of men by other men, not necessarily to impose everywhere and immediately collective methods of production.

In a country like this the collectivization of agriculture makes sense only if it means higher production. But to date the result has been just the opposite. Moreover, collectivization provoked fanatical hatred against the regime on the part of a peasantry which, in prewar time, was progressive and, indeed, often branded as "leftist."

Most Communists I have met here feel that if the peasants are permitted to organize as they wish, they will quickly rally to the support of a system which can give them the advantages of general planning, fixed prices, marketing boards and technical help from both the state farms and the more efficient collective farms which will not be dissolved. Obviously the new regime will have to legislate against any possibility of the revival of an agrarian capitalism.

If these calculations are correct, there is reasonable hope that the new freedom which pervades Polish life and Polish institutions will not tend towards the revival of an anti-socialist force based on the peasants,

CLAUDE BOURDET is editor of L'Observateur *of Paris. This is the third and final article of a series based on Mr. Bourdet's current visit to Poland.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who today represent the only large group of private owners of the instruments of production. However, the Polish Communists are taking no chances; they are not ready, apparently, to accept a true multi-party political system. They believe that in present world circumstances, and given the natural anti-Soviet reaction of the people, a powerful Peasant Party—however progressive at the outset—might become quickly a refuge and a tool for reactionaries. Yet they are prepared to go a long way towards giving the peasants the means of political expression. Peasant leaders like Wycech and Zaleski (the latter was deputy to the former peasant leader and Polish president Mikolayczik, who fled in 1948) are being brought back to positions of prominence. These men enjoy the full confidence of the peasants. Many progressive-minded organizers of the old Peasant Party are likewise reinstated in positions of authority.

THE United Workers (Communist) Party is itself undergoing a thorough change. In earlier articles I described the "workers' committees" which are springing up everywhere, kicking the Stalinists out of local party branches and forcing in new men who enjoy the workers' confidence. Many of the new men are members of the old Socialist Party, which was absorbed by fiat into the United Workers Party. Some had quit all militant activity in 1948; others had never joined the "united" party. They are joining now. I have spoken to some; they feel that the new trend allows for a large degree of party democracy and don't believe that the creation of a rival Socialist Party would serve any purpose under present circumstances. Gomulka favors this "reactivation" of Socialists, many of whom are able and experienced politicians who, because they quit political life before the big Stalinist purges of 1948-1950, escaped prison and the dire physical and psychological consequences of imprisonment suffered by "Gomulka" Communists.

All this, however, does not change the fact that the ultimate power, in Poland, still rests in the United Workers Party and particularly in its top working group, the Political Bureau. Since 1948, the parliament has been little more than a body of "yes-men"; at best, it has served as a technical advisory council. But some interesting changes are being prepared.

UP TO NOW, elections were entirely "cooked" as in other Communist states (and in French colonies). A single list of candidates, chosen officially by the National Front (which includes the Communists, the peasants and various 'independents", but is actually dictated by the local Communist bosses), was offered to the electors who, in the main, voted openly (voting booths were provided for those who insisted on balloting secretly, but the names of all who used the booths were duly noted—with unhappy results).

Today such pressures are unthinkable. Yet, for reasons described above, there will be no actual competition between parties; and the system of the National Front list will be maintained. But two major changes are going to be made. First, electors will be able to choose their members of parliament out of *twice as many* candidates. Second, the list itself will no longer be "fixed" by the local party bosses, but will emerge out of meetings of local "activists"—that is, people interested enough in politics to attend a nominating caucus. The system has some interesting resemblances to that of the American primary.

Most people here think these changes may lead to a kind of democracy which is different from what we know in the West, but quite respectable in its way. At any rate, after the general election next month, the Polish parliament will be full of real representatives of the people, instead of creatures of the Communist machine. It will necessarily play a major role in the political life of the country, and the government will have to take account of its decisions.

These, then, are the general lines of the Polish experiment. The Poles like to call it a revolution, and I think they are right. Everything here is changing from day to day, and the work being done is worth following not only by Socialists but by all students of representative government. True, the success of the experiment depends greatly on Russian attitudes; but the Hungarian tragedy, the strong national unity of the overwhelming majority of the Polish people, the strength and at the same time the cleverness of Gomulka's leadership, have made it very difficult for the Russians to intervene—unless, of course, a crisis arises, and the Poles are being very careful in this regard.

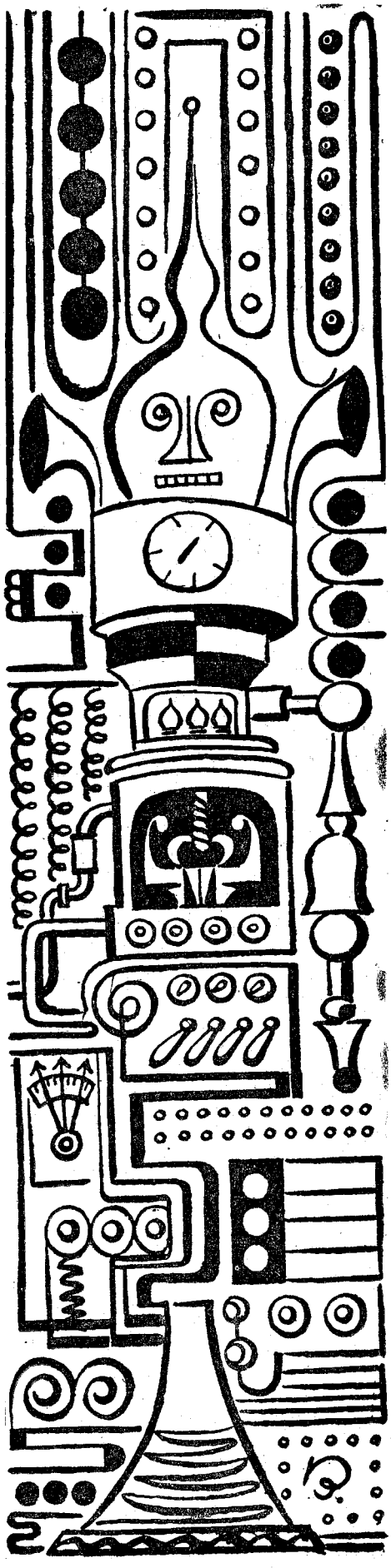
For the time being, the leaders of the USSR appear to have accepted the new course in Poland; Gomulka's visit to Moscow was a success crowned by a not negligible Russian loan, promises of Russian wheat and the payment of old Polish debts by a reevaluation of the price paid for Polish coal during the years 1948-53. Here is a sign that the Russians are not planning to sabotage Poland economically; that, on the contrary, they are prepared to go some way to retain the friendship of an independent Poland.

NOW what will the West do? If the cold war is to be ended, if Stalinism is not to be revived, Gomulka *must* be a success. And this depends largely on the amount of consumer goods he can offer to his destitute workers until they and the national economy can be revived; it depends on the amount of fertilizer Poland can afford to distribute among the peasants; it depends on the number of new machines that can be given to Polish industry.

Altogether, the financing which would be involved doesn't run into billions of dollars or sterling. Most certainly it would cost the West less than trying to occupy Egypt, or building the strongest air force in the world. Poland—as many of its present leaders have told me—is ready to accept any Western aid, provided there are no political strings whatsoever attached.

The West has helped Tito for purely military reasons. Here is a more subtle opportunity—a chance not to help fight Russia, but to help *change* her. This requires a minimum amount of political intelligence. Unabashed by previous experience, let us hope for the best.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE ROBOT REA

by DAN

A NON-SCIENTIFIC visitor to the Third International Automation Exhibit was likely to leave with two things in his head: a low, insistent buzzing sound and an urgent desire to ride Paul Revere-style from village to farm and rouse the good folk to the challenge of an imminent, automatic future.

Ladies and gentlemen, the robots are coming—and no one seems to care but the robot-makers.

There are probably as few people aware that the last of November was officially proclaimed "Automation Week" in New York City as there are those who know that this January will be national "Super Market Month." The doors of the Trade Show Building on Eighth Avenue, where nearly 200 companies put their automatic wares on exhibit, were open only to visiting professionals from here and abroad. To be sure, the show was highly technical, but the most electronically ignorant layman could have learned a good deal merely walking in and out of the booths, listening to demonstrators, and generally absorbing the atmosphere. It was hard to stay in that humming palace of clicks and whirrs without understanding that the nature of tomorrow's life was cranking ahead unobserved by most of the men who are going to live it. Most of us non-scientific humans vaguely accept the presence and increasing importance of "automation" and hope for the best, much in the spirit of Mayor Wagner's proclamation of Automation Week, which ends with his urging

> . . . my fellow citizens and the visitors [who came to the Automation Exhibit] to take heed so that maximum advantages will accrue to us all and that there will be greater security and comfort in the world of the future.

Hear, hear. But the creators of automation are not necessarily committed to seeking security and comfort—and this does not mean that they are monsters with test-tubes, plotting against us. It merely means that they are scientists, not sociologists, and that their job is to create what will satisfy the market that consumes their production. The particular market in this case is big business in contemporary capitalism, and it is not necessarily geared to the cause of individual welfare. For example, it can find use for a new product known as an "operations recorder," which was put on exhibit at the Automation show.

A spectator paused to stare at this device—a glass-enclosed instrument with a metal arm making lines on graph-paper that suggested a weather meter—and asked information of the proud, smiling man who stood by it.

"What does this do exactly?"

"Well," said the demonstrator, "You see that gentleman who just walked by? This instrument has recorded that. It has, in fact, recorded that you have just walked up here, and it will record how long you stay and when you walk away. This 'eye'," he pointed, "catches the movements and they are then recorded on the machine."

"But why?" asked the visitor. "Who cares?"

"Companies use these for 'efficiency' purposes," the man explained. "You can put it by a person's desk, or a machine, or by a water fountain, and know about comings and goings at the end of the day."

"You mean—it's a sort of a spy?"

The demonstrator smiled.

"Let's call it a Tattle-Tale," he said.

"And companies buy large quantities of these and set them all around the place?"

"We hope so—it's only been on the market four months now."

The spectator walked away with a pamphlet on the "operations recorder," and learned that it could

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor to The Nation.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

IES FOR A COKE

EFIELD

be had for a mere $59.50. The literature noted that the gadget could be "important for piece-work, production and cost-studies." To add to its rather super-human aura, it reportedly does its job with "no ink, no lead, no electricity." Just sits there and keeps an eye on you—which seems unlikely to add to the "greater security and comfort of the world of the future."

BUT THIS is singling out an untypical example of what is being done by automation. The bulk of the show was a spectacle of automated elimination of tasks that have dulled and dried human beings since the last great industrial revolution. The new revolution of automation can display such wonders as a "slave typewriter" which records instrument readings and scientific and business data at the rate of eleven characters per second by electrical-magnetic means. And who cannot welcome a "slave typewriter" to take the place of a "slave typist X?"

One corporation exhibited a model of "The first completely automatic electronic savings bank system," which is now being prepared for installation in three different banks. It replaces file cards with magnetic storage units of ledgers, and cuts out the bleak business of looking up information in a ledger file.

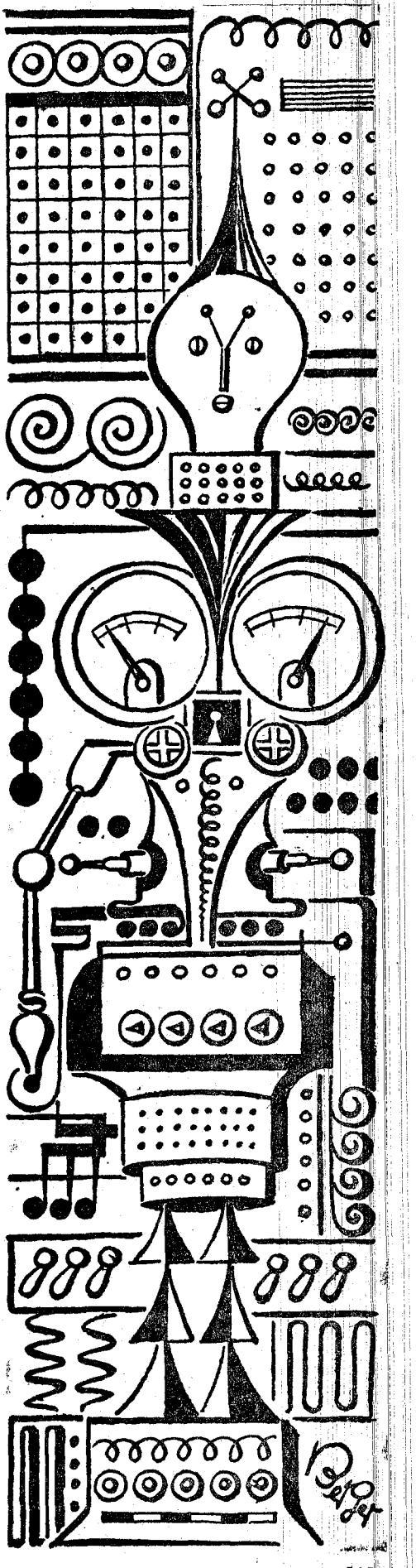
ONE OF THE new presentations at the exhibit in fact went farther in the same direction. The "Random Access Memory" machine, according to its makers, "has been designed to replace the file cabinet—and file clerk." The handling of great masses of data in business requires the storage of up to hundreds of millions of pieces of information, and although this had been possible up to now, the major problem in effective use of such storage machines has always been quick access to a particular piece of the information. The new "Random Access Memory" machine can not only store 500 million "bits" of information, but bring out any specific item in an average time of half a second.

Instruments and Automation, a magazine of the trade, commented that the quick access was "a major technological advance." And who can argue that it is not a major social advance to eliminate the career of file clerk from society?

Milling machines were to be seen in several places around the Exhibit, grinding away without any guidance from human hands. This is done by "magnetic tape control" which is coming into vogue in aircraft plants in the West. By this method, any office worker can read decimal dimensions straight off of a blueprint, record them on an ordinary adding machine keyboard which translates them onto magnetic tape, which in turn is placed in the machines to guide them through the operations of cutting some particular part.

THE MAN who once guided the cutting tools themselves now acts as "overseer" to tend the machine that does his old job. This pattern of the worker as an overseer of mechanical creators is the dominant trend of the whole automatic revolution. The mechanization has, in a sense, come full circle from the time of the first mechanization in the industrial revolution. The original worker who created the whole object—the whole shoe, for instance—became a man on the assembly line who merely did the stitching, or nailed on the heel, or inserted the shoestrings. Now he has moved on from that role to become a guardian of the process which does the whole job mechanically. This worker is released from specialized duty and watches the complete process—though removed from it by the iron curtain of the new machinery.

This of course is not the same as the self-creation of the whole product, done directly as it was before mechanization. Perhaps it is a healthier process for the worker than



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the middle step of creating one part on the assembly line; or perhaps it is worse because it removes the worker even farther from the reality of participation in the making of the product. The point, however, is academic—the new process, for better or worse, is here to stay and in more places every day.

It is not only the giant of industry who is moving into automation. The smaller factories have learned already that to automate is to survive, and all sorts of plans are developing to give the less-than-giants a chance for automation. Whether or not such schemes are really answers to the new threat of monopoly by means of the automation available to giant plants remains to be seen, but they are making a current bid for practicability. A manufacturer of tape-control tools at the Automation exhibit predicted that not only the big plants but "the shop around the corner" would soon be using automatic tape-run machines. Its system, says this manufacturer,

> . . . Provides great flexibility, economy of operation and reduction in tooling expense. . . . The system has been designed to satisfy the mass market for automatic controlled machine tools. It fits the small and medium-sized shop as well as the large manufacturer. It simultaneously satisfies the economic, technical and psychological requirements that industry is facing today and will be demanding tomorrow.

A large order for a piece of tape.

WHAT seemed to be the most practical plan for giving that little shop around the corner a chance to automate itself was offered by a company that used its booth at the exhibit for an explanation of "Pay-As-You-Go Automation." Under this plan a small shop calls in the "Pay-As-You-Go" people, who figure out its needs and possibilities for automation and then proceed to lease it the automatic equipment. The leasing presents the smaller plant with the "opportunity to modernize *without* large capital outlays." Equipment is leased for periods of from one to fifteen years, with options for renewal and options for eventual purchase of the equipment.

The fellow in command at the pay-as-you-go booth was quite enthusiastic, and happy to explain the workings of his plan to an uninitiated visitor. He pulled out a leaflet with a picture of a large machine which was (like bears we used to see on exhibit in Michigan) reaching out an arm and opening itself a Coca Cola.

"For all practical purposes," the pay-as-you-go man said, "This is a robot. Its arms can reach out and take an object from one machine and put it into another, as well as a man could. The difference is, you pay $10,000 for one of these 'robots' instead of just hiring it and giving it the first weekly salary check. But once you have it, you can work it twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week. And after that first big investment, you're through paying it to do the job. It pays for itself in the first year, and the second year, you don't have to pay it a salary again as you would a man. What we're trying to do is make these things available for smaller plants, so they can keep up too. A company like GM of course can buy them right off, but a new company, just starting up, hasn't got the capital. What we do is go to those companies, and, if they have good credit—they have to have real good credit—lease them machines like this which they can pay for by the month."

THAT "robot" opening the Coca Colas was apt to make a liberal-arts visitor a bit nostalgic. The fellow's explanation of its twenty-four-hour efficiency was pretty conclusive of its work-superiority over mere man workers (or for that matter, bears). This fact of machine supremacy over the flesh was inescapable to any stroller at the Automation exhibit. One electronics company, pressing the point home, had brought in a complex computer which was set up for the show purpose of "juggling" a steel rod for the entertainment of the visitors, and for any who missed the point of the demonstration a handy leaflet explained that

> The Electronic Juggler, unlike the human juggler or the trained seal, but like his brothers in automation serving industry and commerce, never wearies of his task, never falters, but is able to continue his performance repetitively and endlessly until his human creators again ordain interment in the packing case.

Rather than dwell on the weird sensation that lengthy contemplation of the untiring juggler can bring, the non-scientist can better devote his thought to the consequences. Last March the director of economic research for IBM was reported in the *New York Times* as predicting a 20 per cent increase in the national average income and a four-day work week by the 1970s. The four-day work week, which already flitted across the political scene in the recent campaign, and the nature of the work that the bulk of men will be doing in those four days, means a qualitative change in our way of life. Yet few outside the scientific and business world have given real thought to the prospects of automation.

SURPRISINGLY enough, one of the few non-scientific bodies to express the tremendous need for creative thinking along these lines has been the Christian Church—or at least, a public organ of it, *The Christian Century* magazine. In an editorial this fall the *Christian Century* declared that "it is time to ask what automation means to the churches." It perceptively stated that

> In the age of automation . . . the problem of means is so interesting and absorbing, we are all caught up in trying to solve it. An increasingly important function of the churches is therefore to help Christians ask "Why? To what end?"

These are questions that we all must ask of automation. It is too bad the Third International Automation Exhibit could not have stayed open another week for exploration by the general public. The most complacent could hardly leave without the sense of how fast automation is coming on, and how slowly we are rising to meet it. Robot-machines are opening Coke bottles, science is reaching for the moon, and the rest of us are doing crossword puzzles, watching Ed Sullivan, and hoping for the best.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

IN QUICK retrospect 1956 does not seem to have been a memorable publishing year, either for works of the imagination or for books of instruction or exhortation. Nevertheless, in those fifty-two weeks, *The Nation* reviewed some two dozen books (an average of about one a fortnight) whose momentum continues at least beyond the first hopeful shove given them by their publishers. The books we recall here are ones that, whatever their eventual stature, reflect the temper and preoccupations of the times.

The Pattern of World Conflict by G. L. Arnold. Dial Press.
Years of Trial and Hope by Harry S. Truman. Doubleday.
The Loyal and the Disloyal by Morton Grodzins. University of Chicago Press.
The Theme Is Freedom by John Dos Passos. Dodd, Mead.
The Lord of the Rings by J. R. R. Tolkien. Houghton Mifflin.
The Quiet American by Graham Greene. The Viking Press.
The Power Elite by C. Wright Mills. Oxford University Press.
A Walk on the Wild Side by Nelson Algren. Farrar, Strauss and Cudahy.
The Hero in Eclipse in Victorian Fiction by Mario Praz. Oxford University Press.
The Mandarins by Simone de Beauvoir. World.
A Discord of Trumpets by Claud Cockburn. Simon & Schuster.
Goodbye to Uncle Tom by J. C. Furnas. William Sloane Associates.
The Transformation of Man by Lewis Mumford. Harper and Brothers.
In Search of Heresy by John W. Aldridge. McGraw-Hill.
Over the Bridge by Richard Church. E. P. Dutton.
The Outsider by Colin Wilson. Houghton Mifflin.
Russia Leaves the War by George F. Kennan. Princeton University Press.
Gallipoli by Alan Moorehead. Harper and Brothers.
Anglo-Saxon Attitudes by Angus Wilson. The Viking Press.
Prospero and Caliban: The Psychology of Colonization, by O. Mannoni. Frederick A. Praeger.
France: 1940-1955 by Alexander Werth. Henry Holt.
An Historian's Approach to Religion by Arnold Toynbee. Oxford University Press.
Compulsion by Meyer Levin. Simon & Schuster.

For a further picture of the books which have made an effective impression in 1956 we have, as in previous years, asked some of our contributors to submit five titles which entertained or instructed them in that period. These we print below, and we offer the two lists as a digest of the year just ending. R. H.

Kay Boyle

The Burnt Offering. By Albrecht Goes. Pantheon. $2.50.
The Setting Sun. By Osamu Dazai. New Directions. $3.
The Fatal Decisions. Edited by Seymour Freiden and William Richardson. William Sloane. $4.
The Great Migrations. By Georges Blond. Macmillan. $4.

Edmond Cahn

James Madison: The President. By Irving Brant. Bobbs-Merrill. $6.50.
Procedure and Democracy. By Piero Calamandrei. New York University Press. $4.50.
Individual Freedom and Governmental Restraints. By Walter Gellhorn. Louisiana State University Press. $3.75.
Compulsion. By Meyer Levin. Simon & Schuster. $5.
Harlan Fiske Stone: Pillar of the Law. By Alpheus T. Mason. Viking. $8.75.

O. Edmund Clubb

United States Foreign Policy 1945-1955. By William Reitzel, Morton A. Kaplan, Constance G. Coblenz. Brookings. $4.50.

An International Economy: Problems and Prospects. By Gunnar Myrdal. Harper. $6.50.
Communism and Nationalism in the Middle East. By Walter Z. Laqueur. Praeger. $6.50.
Japan's Modern Century. By Hugh Borton. Ronald. $7.
Science and Civilisation in China. Volume II, History of Scientific Thought. By Joseph Needham. Cambridge. $14.50.

Harold Clurman

The Birth of Britain. Volume I of History of the English Speaking Peoples. By Winston S. Churchill. Dodd, Mead. $6.
The Crucial Decade: America, 1945-1955. By Eric F. Goldman. Knopf. $4.
The Unadjusted Man: A New Hero for Americans. By Peter Viereck. Beacon. $5.
France: 1940-1955. By Alexander Werth. Henry Holt. $6.
Bernard Shaw: His Life, Work and Friends. By St. John Ervine. Morrow. $7.50.

David Cort

Memoirs of a Cross-Eyed Man. By James Wellard. St. Martin's. $3.
The Financial Expert. By R. K. Narayan. Michigan State College Press. $3.
Night in Babylon. By James Wellard. St. Martin's. $2.75.
Man's Role in Changing the Face of the Earth. Edited by William L. Thomas, Jr. University of Chicago Press. $9.
Ambassador Extraordinary. By Alden Hatch. Henry Holt. $3.75.

Waldo Frank

The Power Elite. By C. Wright Mills. Oxford. $6.

Illustrations on this and following page from a set of seventeenth century Dutch woodblocks. Courtesy New York Public Library Picture Collection.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Was Justice Done? The Rosenberg-Sobell Case. By Malcolm P. Sharp. Monthly Review. $3.50.

The World of Mathematics. Edited by James R. Newman (4 volumes). Simon & Schuster. $20.

The Dead Sea Scriptures. In English translation by Theodor H. Gaster. Doubleday (Anchor). 95 cents.

Orozco. By Alma Reed. Oxford. $6.

Mark Gayn

Russia Without Stalin. By Edward Crankshaw. Viking. $3.75.

Lonely Passion of Judith Hearne. By Brian Moore. Little, Brown. $3.50.

The Letters of Thomas Wolfe. Edited by Elizabeth Nowell. Scribner's. $10.

France: 1940-1955. By Alexander Werth. Henry Holt. $6.

The Sacrifice. By Adele Wiseman. Viking. $3.95.

Maxwell Geismar

The Mandarins. By Simone de Beauvoir. World. $6.

A Walk on the Wild Side. By Nelson Algren. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.50.

Nuni. By John Howard Griffin. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

The Letters of Thomas Wolfe. Edited by Elizabeth Nowell. Scribner's. $10.

Memphis Jackson's Son. By Mary Beechwood. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

Gordon Harrison

Arms and Men. By Walter Millis. Putnam's. $5.75.

Pork Chop Hill. By S. L. A. Marshall. Morrow. $5.

Eisenhower: The Inside Story. By Robert J. Donovan. Harper. $4.95.

Memoirs: Vol. I: Years of Decision; Vol. II: Years of Trial and Hope. By Harry S. Truman. Doubleday. $5 each.

The Crucial Decade: America 1945-1955. By Eric F. Goldman. Knopf. $4.

Jacob Korg

Thackeray: The Uses of Adversity. By Gordon N. Ray. McGraw-Hill. $7.

Two Worlds. By David Daiches. Harcourt, Brace. $3.50.

Speculative Instruments. By I. A. Richards. University of Chicago. $4.50.

The Hero in Eclipse in Victorian Fiction. By Mario Praz. Oxford. $11.

The Orwell Reader. Introduction by Richard H. Rovere. Harcourt, Brace. $5.95.

Joseph Wood Krutch

A Mormon Chronicle. The Diaries of John D. Lee, 1848-1876. 2 volumes. Huntington Library. $15.

Autumn Across America. By Edwin Way Teale. Dodd, Mead. $5.75.

Bernard Shaw: His Life, Work and Friends. By St. John Ervine. Morrow. $7.50.

George Bernard Shaw. By Archibald Henderson. Appleton - Century - Crofts. $12.

The Search for Captain Slocum. By Walter Magnes Teller. Scribner's. $3.95.

Kenneth Rexroth

Science and Civilisation in China. (2 volumes). By Joseph Needham. Cambridge. $24.50.

The Ancient Maya. By S. G. Morley and G. W. Brainerd. Stanford. $10.

A Pictorial History of the American Negro. By Langston Hughes and Milton Meltzer. Crown. $5.95.

Bibliotheca Historica of Diodorus Siculus. Translated by John Skelton. Edited by Salter and Edwards. Early English Text Society. Oxford. $6.75.

Howl and Other Poems. By Alan Ginsberg. City Lights Pocket Book Shop. 75 cents.

M. L. Rosenthal

The Collected Poems of W. B. Yeats. Definitive edition with the author's final revisions. Macmillan. $6.

Hypnos Waking. By René Char. Translated by Jackson Mathews and others. Random House. $5.

One Foot in Eden. By Edwin Muir. Grove Press. $1.

New and Selected Poems. By Kenneth Fearing. Indiana University Press. $3.95.

Poetry Now. Edited by G. S. Fraser. Faber and Faber. $3.25.

May Sarton

A Way of Looking: Poems. By Elizabeth Jennings. Rinehart. $2.50.

The Last of the Wine. By Mary Renault. Pantheon. $4.50.

No Traveller Returns. By James Lord. John Day. $3.50.

Over the Bridge. By Richard Church. Dutton. $3.75.

The Autobiography of Michel de Montaigne. Selected by Marvin Lowenthal. Vintage. 95 cents.

Charles Shapiro

Seize the Day. By Saul Bellow. Viking. $3.

The Setting Sun. By Osamu Dazai. New Directions. $3.

The Man Who Was Not With It. By Herbert Gold. Little, Brown. $3.75.

Things of This World. By Richard Wilbur. Harcourt, Brace. $3.

Edgar Snow

Freedom Is as Freedom Does. By Corliss Lamont. Horizon. $3.95.

Men of No Property. By Dorothy Salisbury Davis. Scribner's. $3.95.

China: New Age and New Outlook. By Ping-Chia Kuo. Knopf. $3.75.

Report on Blacklisting. Volume I: Radio and Television; Volume II: Movies. Fund for the Republic. Meridian Books, distributors. $1.25 each.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Great Road. By Agnes Smedley. Monthly Review. $6.75.

Dan Wakefield

The Power Elite. By C. Wright Mills. Oxford. $6.

Selected Plays of Sean O'Casey. George Braziller. $5.

The Muses Are Heard. By Truman Capote. Random House. $2.75.

A Piece of My Mind. By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $4.

The Great World and Timothy Colt. By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

William Appleman Williams

Atomic Weapons and East-West Relations. By P. M. S. Blackett. Cambridge. $2.

The Quiet American. By Graham Greene. Viking. $3.50.

An International Economy: Problems and Prospects. By Gunnar Myrdal. Harper. $6.50.

Science and Civilisation in China. Volume II, History of Scientific Thought. By Joseph Needham. Cambridge. $14.50.

Was Justice Done? The Rosenberg-Sobell Case. By Malcolm P. Sharp. Monthly Review. $3.50.

Japan's Unknown Literature

ANTHOLOGY OF JAPANESE LITERATURE ($6.50). *MODERN JAPANESE LITERATURE* ($4.75). Compiled and Edited by Donald Keene. Grove Press.

By Kenneth Rexroth

FOR MANY years the only Western anthologies of Japanese literature have been W. G. Aston, *A History of Japanese Literature,* published in 1899, and Michel Revon, *Anthologie de la Littérature Japonaise,* about 1930. Both have been translated into practically all European languages of importance. Neither is reliable for modern times. Both could stand considerable improvement of their translations. There is still only one comprehensive study of Japanese poetry of all periods, Georges Bonneau, *Yoshino,* not yet completed, in French. This is an extraordinary situation, for not only is Japanese one of the world's most important literatures, it is one of the most engaging. One of the great obstacles to the widespread appreciation of Japanese has been the vulgarity of most translators, especially those who have found it necessary to use rhyme. Japanese poetry is, like Mallarmé or Anyte of Tegea, a poetry of sensibility. In the hands of a literary oaf sensibility turns instantly into sentimentality, just as subtle verse turns into doggerel. Japanese literature contains the greatest work of prose fiction in any language, *The Tale of Genji;* dozens of poets the equal of Mallarmé; two of the best books of pensées, the *Hojoki* and the *Tsuredzuregesu* one of the very greatest erotic novelists, Saikaku; a whole species of drama of sensibility, the No, and one of the finest romantic dramatists, Chikamatsu.

Donald Keene has managed to gather all this, and much more, into one volume of 450 pages without making a collection of snippets and fragments. He really gets across the meaning and flavor of Japanese literature, in each example and as a whole. He even conveys some sense of its scope. He has selected translations, many of them his own, which are both accurate and in good taste. There are sizable chunks of the novels and "notebooks"—a favorite form in Japan—whole plays, and many pages of poetry, almost all of it still poetry in English. Certainly there is no better introduction to Japanese literature in any language except Japanese, and few better in that.

MODERN JAPANESE LITERATURE is, as a job of editing, equally judicious, equally comprehensive, with the same high standards of translation. Unfortunately, Japan has produced no major writer, in any medium, in the last hundred years. By major I mean, like Horace

KENNETH REXROTH will bring out this month 100 Chinese Poems *and a collection of his own verse,* In Defense of the Earth.

Pavlov & Freud: I

IVAN P. PAVLOV:
Toward a Scientific Psychology and Psychiatry

by HARRY K. WELLS. The meaning of Pavlov's work for the maintenance of mental health and for the treatment of mental illness.
Paper $1.90; Cloth $3.50

HISTORY OF THE LABOR MOVEMENT IN THE U.S.

by PHILIP F. FONER. Vol. II: From the founding of the A. F. of L. to the emergence of American imperialism.
Trade $5.00; Popular $3.75

OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE WORLD TRADE UNION MOVEMENT

by WILLIAM Z. FOSTER. The growth of trade unionism, from its birth in England to the AFL-CIO merger.
$6.00

STUDIES IN THE LABOR THEORY OF VALUE

by ROLAND L. MEEK, Lecturer in Political Economy, Univ. of Glasgow. From Adam Smith and Ricardo to Marx, the criticism of the theory, and new applications.
$5.00

SELECTED WORKS OF MAO TSE-TUNG

1926-1945, in four volumes, with extended explanatory notes for the American reader.
The Set, $12.00

LETTERS FROM PRISON

by EUGENE DENNIS. A running political commentary on our times by the Smith Act prisoner.
Paper $1.00; Cloth $2.00

THE ENEMY FORGOTTEN

by GILBERT GREEN. A lively discussion of the issues now widely debated in the Left.
Trade $3.50; Popular $2.50

•

Pamphlets of Current Interest

THE BURDEN OF TAXES
by Labor Research Ass'n, 35c

U.S. OVER LATIN AMERICA
by Herman Older, 50c

THE INCOME 'REVOLUTION'
by Victor Perlo, 35c

APOLOGISTS FOR MONOPOLY
by Labor Research Ass'n, 50c

BILLIONAIRE CORPORATIONS
by Labor Research Ass'n, 35c

•

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHERS
381 Fourth Avenue
New York 16, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or Baudelaire, not like Eliot or Hemingway. Few of her writers have risen above the dead level of Western popular reputations. Again, the modern Japanese writer operates under certain disabilities. His tradition is one of sensibility. However great, *Genji* does seem a little hysterical in comparison with the vastly humane Chinese novel, *The Dream of the Red Chamber,* let alone *Don Quixote.* Classical Japanese literature conspicuously lacks guts. It is not, cannot be, salty. I will be told that the haiku writers of the Yeddo Period had this—especially Basho and Issa. But you have to be Japanese to believe that Zola's *La Terre* can be condensed into seventeen syllables.

NOW IT is very easy, in literature as in life, to cross from sensibility to neurasthenia and sentimentality, and this is the besetting sin of most modern Japanese literature derived from the native tradition. There are still others that handicap the forming of a new tradition derived from the West. Not least is a kind of utter misunderstanding, the sort of failure of intercultural communication we know for instance in Pope's Homer. For this reason Western influences tend to operate on the level of the least common denominator, the formula, the stereotype. Possibly that is why the Japanese are so good in the media of the mass culture where nothing but stereotype is expected—photography, movies, commercial art, sex novels. There is one thing about Western culture—you can't take it at its face value without making yourself ridiculous. I think there is no doubt that the primary problem for Japan is not the assimilation of the West—it has been sufficiently assimilated—but the restatement of the native tradition in terms that would make possible a totally new cultural synthesis. Of course this is such easy advice to give from the sidelines, but it is nonetheless true.

So the stories and poems with the deepest roots in Japanese soil are usually the best. On the other hand, there is too large a class of pseudo-archaistic writing, of which the popular retelling of the *Heike Monogatari* by Eiji Yoshikawa, which I reviewed recently, is an example—this is just conventional costume romance, not refounding of a tradition. That is the trouble, most Japanese literature of the past hundred years is conventional. If it is naturalistic, it is conventional naturalism. If it is surrealistic or proletarian, it is conventionally so. Most of it is just plain conventional. I suppose the word for this is provincialism, and by and large Japanese culture today is still a provincial outlier of Paris and New York. Still, there is something else, a core of Japanese sense and sensibility which is almost always there, however thin, ultimately irreducible, and at least sometimes the creative center of the work. This means that although Japan may be provincial now, she will not, barring international catastrophe, be so forever.

My only criticism of Donald Keene's second volume is that he does not give adequate representation to Japanese surrealism and other modernist idioms, and to the proletarian school of prewar days. True, they are derivative; but that granted, they are very good, better than much of the conventional, in the ordinary sense, poetry and prose he does give. I would have printed some Katue Kitasono, a modernist poet very well known in the West, more of the exquisite traditional poetess Yosano Akiko, more of the wry modern haiku; in fact, more poetry generally. Inadequate or dated as it is, Bonneau's *Yoshino,* Volume 10, "Lyrisme du Temps Présent," is much better, at least for the prewar period. The best prose on the whole is traditional in feeling, Takaboku's *Romaji Diary,* Junchiro's *Thin Snow,* Fumiko's *Tokyo,* the famous shocker by Osamu, *Villon's Wife,* and the selection from Takiji's *Cannery Boat,* the best Japanese proletarian novel, often compared with Traven's *Death Ship.*

I should say that the first volume was practically perfect. The modern collection is more than adequate, but it is more easily disagreed with.

The Angels

(from the German of Rainer Maria Rilke)

They all have weary, weary mouths,
Bright souls, without a stitch or seam,
And a nostalga, as for sinning,
Goes often through their dream.

They are almost identical,
And in God's gardens silently
Make many and many an interval
In His might and melody.

Only when they spread their wings
They waken mighty rushing winds
As if God went, with His wide hands,
Hands like a sculptor's, through the pages
In the dark volume of Beginning.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

Roundup of Art Books

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

THE STREAM of art books continues unabated. Even to make a sensible listing of a dozen and a half selected items demands a degree of ingenuity. They leap from Rameses to Wright, from Chartres to Charlot, from Antonello to Aalto, from Goya to Gaugin, from Catalonia to California. Lavish picture books threaten to extinguish the thoughtful writer and the scholar, but there are thoughtful and scholarly books too, with and without good reproductions. The only excuse for a picture book is good pictures; and the comments which follow suggest that elaborate format and high price are no guarantee of quality. In the present art-book boom there is a high percentage of duplication, and the danger is that the bad ones may run the good ones out of business by diverting customers from them. Moreover, the good ones without text seduce too many readers from good ones with good texts.

In the present state of plethora the critic has an unusual opportunity to be helpful by exercising a consistent standard of judgment. It is hoped that, despite their extreme brevity, the following reactions will

S. LANE FAISON, JR., is chairman of the art department at Williams College.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

give the reader some useful leads and put him on guard.

EGYPT: ARCHITECTURE, SCULPTURE, PAINTING IN THREE THOUSAND YEARS. By K. Lange and M. Hirmer. Phaidon Publishers (Garden City Books). $12.50. A model of its kind, this general book combines an admirable text with superb plates both in color and in black and white. Intensive notes at the back give depth to the broad panorama opened up by the introductory essay. Quality more than justifies the cost.

ROMANESQUE ART. By Juan Eduardo Cirlot. Philosophical Library. $10. The title is misleading for this picture book deals only with the special, but superb, development of Romanesque painting and sculpture in Catalonia. Most of the examples are in a museum in Barcelona. The text is negligible and the plates are generally indistinct. Recommended only because the subject is too little known to American readers, though one of the masterpieces of the style, an apsidal painting of the Madonna, is at The Cloisters.

ITALIAN PAINTING. Twelve Centuries of Art in Italy. Text by Edith Appleton Standen. New York Graphic Society. $20. The eighty-six color plates in this big volume contain many inaccuracies, and there are even discrepancies between plates of the same work, *ie.* Piero's fresco cycle at Arezzo. Many others have an unpleasant greenish and chalky cast. The Antonello (No. 37) is absurdly unlike the plate of the same picture in the same publishers' volume on Antonello (No. 43). Miss Standen's excellent survey deserves a better setting.

ANTONELLO DA MESSINA. By Stefano Bottari. New York Graphic Society. $18. The forty color plates are of fine quality and may help to persuade serious students that Antonello was an artist of great stature. The text will not, but it ploddingly covers the recent scholarship about this Sicilian painter.

LOUVRE: Masterpieces of Italian Painting. Text by Germain Bazin. New York Graphic Society. $18. The color plates are uneven, though some are acceptable. The text describes briefly how the collection was formed.

IRAN: Persian Miniatures in the Imperial Library. Preface by Basil Gray, Introduction by André Godard. New York Graphic Society, by arrangement with UNESCO. $16.50. The thirty-two very large color-plates are of superb quality, as has generally been the case in this fine series. The text is an illuminating introduction to the history of this art and its cultural context.

A CYCLE OF GOYA'S DRAWINGS. The Expression of Truth and Liberty. By Jose Lopez-Rey. Macmillan. $12.75. A penetrating study of 113 drawings made by Goya about 1820 and numbered by him to form a cycle. The author brilliantly traces Goya's thought as a liberal caught in a sinister world, and shows how this major example of Goya's art, hitherto unstudied as a whole, extends the range of his earlier *Caprichos.*

POST-IMPRESSIONISM: from Van Gogh to Gauguin. By John Rewald. Museum of Modern Art. (Simon and Schuster) $15. This history of seven crucial years in modern painting, 1886-1893, is a sequel to the author's unsurpassed study of Impressionism; it

Now Ready! **William A. Reuben's sensational exposé:**

The Honorable Mr. Nixon*

. . . with the untold story of the key to his career and character (his part in the conviction of Alger Hiss)

WHY did Truman recently declare that he believed Hiss never was a spy?

HOW could Nixon have called Hiss the worst traitor in American history, months before Hiss was ever found guilty of anything?

WHERE to find facts on the vanished "pumpkin papers," the microfilm "discovered" by Nixon, which Eastman Kodak Co. said were not made until 9 years after Chambers claimed to have received them from Hiss.

*SAYS Robert W. Kenny, former Attorney General of California: "Fascinating and revealing . . . a shocking eye-opener that reads like a mystery story!"

SPECIAL HOLIDAY OFFER

Limited time only—$3.00 brings you **both** "The Honorable Mr. Nixon," 144 pages (regularly $1), **and also** Reuben's revealing "The Atom Spy Hoax," 512 pages (reg. $3.75). YOU SAVE $1.75 on these exciting, timely books! GUARANTEED—If you're less than pleased, return them and receive full refund.

(Cut here, and MAIL NOW!)

To: ACTION BOOKS, 550 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N.Y.

Please rush to me, postpaid —

☐ Copies of "The Hon. Mr. Nixon," for which I enclose $1.00 each.
☐ Copies of "The Atom Spy Hoax," for which I enclose $3.75 each.
☐ Sets of both books, for which I enclose $3.00 per set.

My name .....

Street No. .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

Mail This Handy Coupon Today →

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

is as intensive and as extensively illustrated. Van Gogh, Seurat, and Gauguin are the chief protagonists, but a full account of the lesser figures is presented.

MEXICAN PAINTING IN OUR TIME. By Bernard S. Myers. Oxford University Press. $15. The relation to social background after the 1910 revolution is stressed. Unfortunately the text is overloaded with description and the illustrations are of poor quality.

PICASSO. Critical comment by Frank Elgar, biography by Robert Maillard. Frederick A. Praeger. $5. For the price, the 400 illustrations are a bargain, though the seventy-five colorplates are just passable. An attempt has been made to interlard the two separate texts, one in italics, with the same illustrations. The effect is of a footnote that never ends. Elgar's comment is comprehensive and clear; and it covers sixty years of work.

THE EYE OF MAN. Form and Content in Western Painting. By Selden Rodman. Devin-Adair. $10. A pugnacious look at Western art to emphasize the primacy of expressive content. From this base Rodman launches an attack on Matisse, Picasso and non-objective art, but skilfully protects his flanks against charges of philistinism. I wish there were space to explain why I think Rodman's mind has run away with his eye.

THE CHANGING FORMS OF ART. By Patrick Heron. Macmillan. $5.75. A wide range of essays on modern art, with British work in the foreground. Well written and acutely observed.

ART AND ARTIST. University of California Press. $3.75. Sixteen statements written by artists in the hope of expanding the conditions for public understanding of modern art. Rico Lebrun initially suggested this volume and is among the contributors.

ARCHITECTURE IN BRITAIN: The Middle Ages. By Geoffrey Webb. Penguin Books. $10. Part of the Pelican History of Art, this volume continues brilliantly the high standard of the series as a synthesis of recent scholarship in its field. The illustrations include many interesting novelties. Coverage runs from the seventh century to past 1530, where John Summerson's earlier volume picks up and carries the story to 1830.

THE GOTHIC CATHEDRAL. By Otto von Simson. Pantheon Books Bollingen Series XLVIII). $6.50. The subtitle, Origins of Gothic Architecture and the Medieval Concept of Order, describes the scope of this well-written and scholarly study. After two introductory chapters on Gothic form and on "measure and light," the text considers in detail Suger's abbey at St. Denis, Sens Cathedral, and the Cathedral of Chartres. An appendix by Ernst Levy proposes, through elaborate mathematical study of the south tower of Chartres, that Gothic architects worked from established systems of proportions; thus Gothic architecture is brought ever closer to Gothic scholasticism.

THE STORY OF THE TOWER. By Frank Lloyd Wright. Horizon Press. $6. For once in a book by Wright, his architecture does the talking. The Price Tower in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, is presented in photographs from original plans and model through the whole process of construction. There is an introduction by Wright's client, who seems pleased, and Wright adds a little auto-ecomium.

ARCHITECTS' HOMES. By Robert Winkler. Heinhold Publishing Co. $10. Presents the homes which forty-four architects from thirteen countries have built for themselves in recent years. Europe, Brazil, Mexico, Japan and the United States are included. Each house is presented in photographs, plans, and drawings; the text is in German, French and English. The sense of quality that ruled this selection is not unerring.

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

CRANKS (Bijou Theatre) is a little revue from London. The four members of its cast sing, dance, make fun and change the stage properties. Anthony Newley is the comedian, Hugh Bryant has the voice, Gilbert Vernon dances best, Annie Ross is helpful and owns attractive legs.

I liked the intimacy of the show: our musicals suffer from elephantiasis. A kind of dainty wackiness—including the décor of John Piper and the musical arrangement by John Addisson—gave the evening style. There is a certain pleasant amateurishness in spots, there are traces of personal wit, off-beat British humor skirting the fringes of surrealism, which at moments are perilously close to preciosity. All in all—and even with numbers that are totally blank—it was an evening of cordial entertainment.

BELLS ARE RINGING (Shubert Theatre), a musical about a big-hearted girl in an answering service, shouldn't be a good show but manages to become one. On the debit side are a silly, silly story, some embarrassing dialogue, the lack of any real score. More disappointing than all this, Jerome Robbins and Bob Fosse—who are gifted choreographers—haven't done anything like their best work.

On the credit side is the wholly winning performance of Judy Holliday (aided by the good looking, modest, and sympathetic presence of Sydney Chaplin) and the lovable spirit which constitutes the surprising gift of Betty Comden and Adolph Green.

Judy Holliday has no "voice"; she is no dancer. But she is such a wonderful person on stage that her singing and dancing become more attractive than that of performers technically much better equipped. She combines a feeling for the fundamental cameraderie of the popular theatre—the happy exchange between performer and audience—with the kind of old-time professionalism which distinguished the troupers of vaudeville days like Eva Tanguay, Trixie Friganza, Sophie Tucker: they seemed ready to do anything and everything to give the folks out front a good time. Only Judy Holliday is softer, more touching: she knows something of the shadows of life; her elders knew only the dynamics.

Betty Comden and Adolph Green are frequently crude and gauche. Yet once in a while they can burst into a crazy improvisation which replaces judgment with the bubbling enthusiasm of kids who are wholly delighted to discover that not only the emperor but the entire court is

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

naked. Betty Comden and Adolph Green just can't get over the exhilaration of not being grown up.

CANDIDE (Martin Beck Theatre), labelled "a comic operetta based on Voltaire's satire" with book by Lillian Hellman, score by Leonard Bernstein, lyrics by Richard Wilbur, John Latouche and Dorothy Parker, is very grown up, but unfortunately indecisive in its intention. It felt to me much longer than Voltaire's story, and although many separate bits may be individually admired, the composition of the whole hardly seems to have been planned.

The setting by Oliver Smith, the costumes by Irene Sharaff are handsome and lavish, the voices are superior (Barbara Cook is a charming ingenue who sings exceptionally well), the comedienne Irra Petina is funny, and there are some clever directorial touches by Tyrone Guthrie. Lillian Hellman's tart realism of mind and capacity for sharp statement sometimes serve to focus attention on the point of the enterprise and sometimes—because of the spectacular, extravaganza-like nature of the show—strike one as a wicked intrusion. Leonard Bernstein's music, at times very pretty, runs down all the paths of the production, but there are so many of these that we are left in doubt whether he has captured anything in the process—except for some moments of pure spoof and the exuberance of the race.

In the end I was not certain which of the talented people who fashioned this "operetta" had refused to yield to the other. It looked as if everyone was sticking stubbornly to his own conception of what the production should be. My guess is that in view of the original material (I refer to Voltaire) a sharp, polished, spare, economic "Brechtian" treatment might have served. Instead we have what is probably the most costly production in town. The total effect of the show—if it can be said to have one—is of an enormous, splendid pastry, at the center of which is a hard, bitter pit. The theatre is a collective art, which is not the same thing as an accumulation of artistic contributions.

TELEVISION NEXT WEEK

DECEMBER 16 THROUGH 22

(See local papers for time and channel)

Sunday, December 16

THE LITTLE FOXES (NBC; Hallmark Hall of Fame). Lillian Hellman's highly-charged parable on the rise of the industrial South finally comes to TV, having made full circle of Broadway (1939), film (1941) and operetta *Regina* (1949). Directed by George Schaeffer who recently turned in *Man and Superman,* it will star Greer Garson and Franchot Tone, and is an admirable way to begin exploding the blacklist terror. (Color)

THE BOING-BOING SHOW (CBS). Premiere of a regular half-hour cartoon series hosted by the whimsical Gerald McBoing Boing. The series, designed to amuse the whole family, will lead off this week with a fable based on the life of Raoul Dufy and a vignette called "A Horse of Course", (Color)

Tuesday, December 18

SERGEANT BILKO PRESENTS ED SULLIVAN (CBS; Phil Silvers Show). Takeoff on production of a TV show, a subject that deserves kidding.

Thursday, December 20

THE FAMILY NOBODY WANTED (CBS; Playhouse 90). Nanette Fabray and Lew Ayres will deliver the Christmas spirit for this series in a story about adoption by George Bruce.

Saturday, December 22

HOLIDAY ON ICE (NBC; Saturday Spectacular). Sonja Henie (who else?) will climax her show with an ice ballet of *The Nutcracker* in which she will skate the part of the Sugar Plum Fairy. The show will include brief film clips of the star with her first pair of skates, etc., and some variety acts, under the non-glide aegis of Art Linkletter. (Color)

A. W. L.

RECORDS OF THE YEAR

B. H. Haggin

HEREWITH my customary listing of the year's outstanding records. Where the record includes a work or performance I don't recommend I list it within the parenthesis that contains the manufacturer's symbol.

A: Angel; C: Columbia; CA: Capitol; D: Decca; E: Epic; L: London; M: MGM; O: Oiseau-Lyre; S: Scala; V: RCA Victor; VA: Vanguard.

ALBINONI: Concertos; Pierlot, oboe, and strings under Froment (O).

ARNE: *Comus;* Ritchie and others under Anthony Lewis (O).

BACH: Concerto in D minor; Landowska with orchestra under Bigot (shrill sound requires reduction of treble) (V; with Two-Part Inventions). *Goldberg Variations;* Glenn Gould (C). Passacaglia, Toccata and Fugue in D minor, Prelude and Fugue in E flat (Prelude not clearly reproduced) from *Clavieruebung,* Prelude and Fugue in A for organ; Litaize (L). Violin Concertos in A minor, played by Stern, and E major, played by Oistrakh, with Philadelphia Orchestra under Ormandy (C; with Vivaldi Concerto Op. 3 No. 8).

BEETHOVEN: Nine Symphonies; Toscanini with NBC Symphony (V LM-6901). Symphony No. 2; von Karajan with London Philharmonia (A). Piano Sonata Op. 111; Katchen (L; with poor performance of Sonata Op. 57). Violin Concerto; Milstein with Pittsburgh Symphony under Steinberg (CA).

BERLIOZ: Les Nuits d'été; de los Angeles with Boston Symphony under Munch (V). *Harold in Italy;* Toscanini with NBC Symphony (V).

BLOCH: Quintet for piano and strings; Johana Harris and Walden Quartet (M).

BOCCHERINI: Quartets Opp. 1 No. 2, 40 No. 2, 58 Nos. 2 and 4; New Music Quartet (C).

CHERUBINI: Requiem Mass in C minor; Toscanini with Shaw Chorale and NBC Symphony (V).

CHOPIN: Nocturnes Opp. 9, 15, 27 and 32; Katin (L).

COPLAND: *Music for the Theatre, Music for Radio, Music for Movies;* orchestras under Solomon and Winograd (M).

CORELLI: Concerti Grossi Op. 6 Nos. 4, 7, 8 (*Christmas*), 9 and 10; Società Corelli (E).

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DEBUSSY: *Nocturnes;* Ormandy with Philadelphia Orchestra (C; with Ravels' *Daphnis et Chloé* and poor performance of Debussy's *Faun*).

DONIZETTI: Excerpts from *La Favorita;* Formichini and others under Curiel (A).

DOWLAND: Four of *Lachrimae* and other instrumental pieces; Geneva Chamber Ensemble (EMS).

DVORAK: *Slavonic Dances;* Kubelik with Vienna Philharmonic (L; with poor performance of Tchaikovsky's *Romeo and Juliet*).

GESUALDO: Madrigals; Singers of Ferrara under Craft (Sunset).

GREGORIAN CHANT: Monks' Choir of Abbey of Saint-Pierre de Solesmes (L).

HAIEFF: Piano Concerto, played by Bianca with Hamburg Philharmonia under Walther; piano pieces played by Smit (M).

HANDEL: *Semele;* Vyvyan and others under Anthony Lewis (O). Concerti Grossi Op. 3; Neel Orchestra (L).

HAYDN: Quartets Opp. 33 No. 3 (*Bird*) and 76 No. 4 (*Sunrise*); Quartetto Italiano (A). Symphonies Nos. 101 (*Clock*) and 102; Markevitch with French National Radio Orchestra (A).

JANACEK: *Mladi* Suite for wind sextet, Concertino for piano; Philadelphia Woodwind Quintet and others with Firkusny (C).

LECLAIR: Sonatas for violin and continuo; Alès and Nef (O).

MENDELSSOHN: Violin Concerto; Grumiaux with Vienna Symphony under Moralt (E; with Dvorak's Violin Concerto played by Magyar).

MOZART: *The Magic Flute;* Stader, Streich, Haefliger, Fischer-Dieskau, Greindl, chorus and RIAS Symphony under Fricsay (D). *The Abduction from the Seraglio;* Stader, Streich, Haefliger, Greindl and RIAS Symphony under Fricsay (D). Piano Concerto K.503; Gieseking with London Philharmonic under Rosbaud (Gieseking's playing too small in scale) (A; with the Concerto K.466). Concerto K.365 for two pianos; Helen and Karl Ulrich Schnabel with Vienna Symphony under Paumgartner (E; with uninteresting Concerto K.242 for three pianos). Symphonies K.201 and 551 (*Jupiter*); Klemperer with London Philharmonia (A). Symphonies K.200 and 297 (*Paris*); Paumgartner with Camerata Academica of Salzburg Mozarteum (E). Symphonies K.425 (*Linz*) and 504 (*Prague*); van Otterloo with Vienna Symphony (E). Mass in C minor; Stich-Randall and others, Vienna Symphony and Kammerchor under Moralt (E). Quartets K.499, 575, 589 and 590; Budapest Quartet (C). Piano music complete; Gieseking (most performances too small in scale) (A). Songs; Schwarzkopf (A).

MUSORGSKY: Two choral excerpts from original version of *Khovantchina;* chorus and orchestra of USSR Radio under Kovalev (VA; with excerpts from Rimsky-Korsakov version).

PERGOLESI: Concertini etc.; I Musici (A).

PROKOFIEV: *The Prodigal Son* (complete score); Barzin and New York City Ballet Orchestra (VOX). *The Love for Three Oranges;* National Opera of Ljubjana (EP).

RESPIGHI: Suites, *Old Airs and Dances for the Lute* and *The Bird;* Littschauer with Vienna State Opera Orchestra (VA; with *Trittico Botticelliano*).

ROSSINI: *La Cenerentola;* Glyndebourne Festival (V). Overtures; Gamba with London Symphony (L). Sonatas for two violins, cello and bass; I Solisti di di Zagreb (VA).

SCHUBERT: *Die Winterreise;* Fischer-Dieskau (flawed performance) (V). *Schwanengesang;* Hotter (A). Piano Sonata in B flat, Laendler Op. 171; Fleisher (C). Fantasy Op. 103 for piano four hands; Helen and Karl Ulrich Schnabel (E; with Brahms Hungarian Dances). Impromptus Opp. 90 and 142; Engel (flawed performance) (E).

STRAUSS: *Don Quixote* and *Till Eulenspiegel;* Toscanini with NBC Symphony (V).

STRAVINSKY: *The Firebird* (complete score), *Apollon Musagètes* and *Pulcinella* Suite; Ansermet with L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande (L). *Le Baiser de la fée* (complete score); Stravinsky with Cleveland Orchestra (C).

TCHAIKOVSKY: Symphony No. 4; Argenta with L'Orchestre de la Suisse romande (L).

VERDI: *La Forza del Destino;* Tebaldi, Simionato and others, chorus and orchestra of Saint Cecilia Academy under Molinari-Pradelli (L) *Rigoletto;* Callas, Di Stefano, Gobbi, chorus and orchestra of La Scala under Serafin (A).

VIVALDI: *The Four Seasons;* I Musici (E).

COLLECTIONS: *An Evening of Elizabethan Verse and Music;* Auden and New York Pro Musica Antiqua (C). *Masters of Early English Keyboard Music;* Dart (O). English Madrigals; Deller Consort (VA). Durante, Vivaldi, Salieri; Schippers with Scarlatti Orchestra of Naples (A). Arias; Corena (L). Arias; Onegin (S). Arias and songs; Slezak (S).

To these add LM-9500, just issued by Victor: an edition of thirteen records with Artur Schnabel's historic and unique performances of Beethoven's thirty-two piano sonatas.

RESORTS

ARROWHEAD LODGE

XMAS AND NEW YEAR'S

Entertainment, Social, Folk and Square Dancing. Instruction in painting. All Winter Sports.

Director of Activities: Abe Kanegson.

Tel.: CH 2-2453 Ellenville 502

50 Miles to FOREST HOUSE

Near enough for a weekend, fine enough for a season's stay. Luxury and comfort in a fireproof building. AIR-CONDITIONED and ELEVATOR-SERVICED . . . Unexcelled cuisine. Tops for sports. Nat Manners Orchestra; Benito & Gloria, dance team . . . Sophisticated entertainment.

FOREST HOUSE

Lake Mahopac, N.Y. ● Tel. Mahopac 8-3449
In N.Y.C. Phone (local rate): FAirbanks 5-7227

RECORDINGS

Write to THE FALSTAFF RECORD SERVICE for our free, new monthly LP sale list. Finest selections of Classical, Folk and Poetry. All Records carefully inspected. 114 Fourth Avenue, New York 3, N. Y.

SALE: 78 R. P. M. RECORDINGS. Discontinued numbers. Free lists. Collections bought. E. Hirschmann, 98 Duncan Avenue, Jersey City, 6, New Jersey.

PERSONALS

Attention: BASEBALL ENTHUSIASTS
Play baseball indoors with a new pocket size game that will sweep the nation! Played just like a Big League game; registers balls, strikes, hits, homers, base stealing. Fans from 6 to 80 will enjoy it. Simple instructions. Makes a wonderful Christmas Gift. Send check or money order for $1.00 to:
The Wood Company, Box 1617, Phila., Pa.

DANCE GIFTS—A most unusual 16-page illustrated catalogue of gifts with dance motifs. Send for your free copy today. The Dance Mart, Dept. N, Box 315, Midtown Sta., N.Y.C. 18.

ELECTRIC BLANKET—Top Rated. Unconditional 2 year guarantee. $29.95 value. SPECIAL $18.95. Standard Brand Dist., 143 Fourth Avenue (13th & 14th Sts.), N.Y. GR 3-7819. 1 hour free parking.

Advertising Rates

CLASSIFIED

74c a line (6 words)
Three-line minimum

CLASSIFIED DISPLAY

$7.42 per inch (minimum)

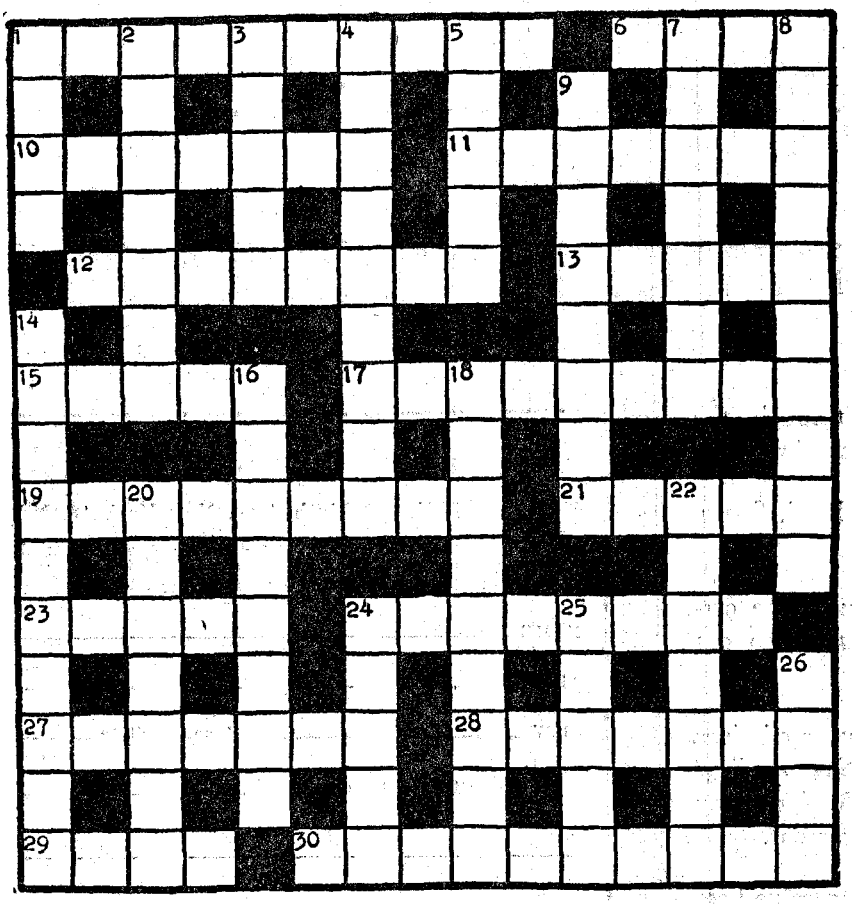
The NATION

333 Sixth Avenue
New York 14, N. Y.
CHelsea 2-8400

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Crossword Puzzle No. 702

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Where original American documents are stored one by one? (6, 4)
6 See 2 down.
10 and 14 down No room for the posse in foreign legislature! (7, 2, 8)
11 Would jams be typical of such adolescent attachments? (7)
12 They keep 5 down in their place. (8)
13 This wood is not quite fir. (5)
15 Fake candy? (5)
17 Made lower blue. (9)
19 Perhaps the persuasive power of Queen Cole! (9)
21 In this case, one has to go either up or down. (5)
23 Evidently hasn't met its match. (5)
24 Thesaurus. (8)
27 Such a nail goes in wrong! (7)
28 Statement applicable to the ready singer? (7)
29 Partisans might be found on one. (4)
30 The one who starts rioting, or a disturbance. (10)

DOWN:

1 See 25 down.
2 and 6 across Nevertheless, there is a handy method of communication in this state. (4, 3, 4)
3 The basis for fine varnish calls for a certain amount of caution. (5)
4 Does it make the bride fond of fruit, perhaps? (9)
5 The safe type might have 9 down. (5)
7 Supports should get confused with the sign for "quiet". (7)
8 Are we supposed to be for the station break? (10)
9 Would they be appropriate for serving 'flips"? (8)
14 See 10 across.
16 The balance of the terms on a quiet settlement. (8)
18 If things follow, something must have been this. (9)
20 Constrained. (7)
22 Song isn't raised by it, but some essentials might be dropped. (7)
24 More or less of a pitcher. (5)
25, 26 and 1 down Does it involve keeping up to scratch for a long time? (5-4, 4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 701

ACROSS: 1 and 6 down PORTERHOUSE STEAK; 9 MEASURES; 10 TREATY; 11 TOTALLY; 12 BACKS UP; 14 ADAGES; 15 UNDERAGE; 17 MULTIPLE; 20 WAMPUM; 26 BITTEN; 27 PRALINES; 28 and 7 LONG-PLAYING RECORD. DOWN: 2 ONSLAUGHT; 3 THRALLS; 4, 22 and 24 ROSE-COLORED GLASSES; 5 OUTWARD; 8 STRUNG; 13 RUPEE; 16 REMISSION; 18 UTOPIA; 19 PFENNIG; 20 WALLABY; 21 UNEVEN; 23 OUTDO; 25 OPAL.

PUBLICATIONS

BOOKS From the USSR

In English

JUST RECEIVED

YURY SLONINSKI

THE BOLSHOI THEATRE BALLET

History of the Russian Ballet and album of Artistic photos and drawings of Ballet performances, famous dancers and ballerinas. 110 illustrations, a number in color. **Deluxe edition, large format. $3.00**

Best holiday gift for the discriminating.

Large selection of other excellently produced books and albums in English from the USSR, suitable for holiday gifts.

Ask for our free catalog — "E-56."

FOUR CONTINENT BOOK CORPORATION

822 Broadway, corner 12th Street
New York 3, N. Y. GR 3-2018-19

LITERARY SERVICES

ALL THE WORLD LOVES AN AUTHOR! You too can win friends and royalty checks! If you write we appraise/sell. Write/phone **Daniel S. Mead, Literary Agent, 419 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, OR 9-1150.**

ART

ART MASTERPIECES from World Museums in gorgeous 2x2 color slides. Send $1 for 3 samples and catalogues. **Artco, Box 455 N, Van Nuys, California.**

WHY MEXICO? Join American colony studying arts, crafts, Spanish. Creative Writing. . . . Beginners, professionals. . . . MFA. . . . Room, board from $60 monthly. . . . Mexico's most beautiful colonial town. . . . Illustrated prospectus? **INSTITUTO ALLENDE, Box 4, San Miguel Allende, Guanajuato, Mexico.**

Service for Our Readers from Our Readers' Service

If there's any book you want to buy—you can do so without leaving the comfort of your home. Simply let our Readers' Service Department do your shopping.

Here's all you have to do: send us the name and author and, if possible, the publisher of the book. We'll have it sent directly to you.

If payment is received with your order the books will be sent you post-free; if sent COD, you will be charged the regular price plus postage.

No COD's outside the United States.

Address your orders to:

***The* NATION**

Miss O. Le Pach

Readers Service Department
333 Sixth Avenue, N.Y. 14, N.Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by BGR Publication Printers Corp., N. Y. C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Twas the Night Before Christmas"

. . . and you'd better hurry . . . hurry . . . hurry!

Does the very thought of plowing through the Christmas-shopping crowds *again* get you down?

Well then . . . just relax. Take pen in hand, Santa, and leisurely fill out the coupon below.

We'll do the huffing-and-puffing for you—make certain your gift subscriptions to *The Nation* go out on time.

And what better gift could you send to your relatives and friends? *Full 52 weeks' stimulating reading!* They'll share your enjoyment of *The Nation* every week and bless you, too, for your discernment.

As you know, we publish a very special magazine here—a journal of critical opinion written expressly for intellectual leaders of the community. Our contributors are experts in their chosen field, be it international politics, nuclear research or the theatre.

So we say, Santa . . . right here and now, you can send the gift that will be cherished long after the Christmas tree has been stripped of its tinsel and burnt as an offering to the New Year.

Please make a note, too, that after your first gift subscription at the regular price of $7.00, all others are only $5.00 each. And of course, all will be sent with an appropriate gift card in your name.

THE Nation

CHRISTMAS GIFT ORDER FORM

THE NATION, 333 Sixth Ave., New York 14, N.Y.

Please send The Nation as a Gift for one year at the Christmas Rate of $7 for the first Gift subscription and $5 for each additional Gift to the following friends:

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ Zone____ State_____

Sign Gift Card from _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ Zone____ State_____

Sign Gift Card from _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ Zone____ State_____

Sign Gift Card from _____

• • •

DONOR'S NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ Zone____ State_____

☐ I enclose payment of $_____ ☐ Bill me

12-15-56

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED